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The Shape of Things

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POLAND'S STOUT-HEARTED RESISTANCE TO Hitler's demand for Danzig and a corridor across the Corridor has started twitters in the French and British undercover appeasement groups. Reports from London have spoken of Anglo-French pressure on Poland, and an editorial in the London *Times* stressing the German character of Danzig may have been calculated to dampen British support for Warsaw. The Foreign Office, however, has sharply denied suggestions that the British guaranty is being qualified, and there are other indications that in Britain the "Munichеers" have lost influence. But in Paris they remain powerfully intrenched, with their henchman, M. Bonnet, still occupying the key position of Foreign Minister. Following Hitler's Reichstag speech comments were circulated calling attention to the comparatively friendly references to France and suggesting that Frenchmen would regard Danzig as a bad cause for which to fight. A dubious part is being played in giving publicity to such manufactured opinion by P. J. Philip, Paris correspondent of the New York *Times*. As a reporter of what France thinks Mr. Philip is often far from adequate, but he is a most efficient guide to what M. Bonnet would like France to think. *Times* readers would therefore do well to check Mr. Philip's reports by reference to the more objective dispatches of John Elliott in the New York *Herald Tribune*.

*

DER FUEHRER AND IL DUCE, DESPITE THEIR frequent brotherly gestures, do not seem altogether to trust each other. There are reports of strengthened fortifications on both sides of the Brenner Pass, and Mussolini still seems reluctant to enter into a full military alliance with the Reich. Nevertheless, the two dictators probably know they will have to hang together. Their subjects, however, are clearly resentful of the fate which binds them so closely. Ordinary Italians, it appears, were thoroughly upset by the bellicose tone of Hitler's Reichstag speech. They loathe the idea of being dragged into a quarrel with Poland. Germans equally hate the thought of fighting to gain Tunisia for Italy. Recent published

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and private reports from Germany suggest the growth of unorganized but potent discontents. The ever-increasing pressure on labor to work longer hours and to speed up production is meeting resistance. Recently a bloody riot is said to have occurred in the Saar coalfield over the sixty-hour week. Nor is the food situation improving. Simultaneously with a proclamation by Dr. Ley, leader of the Labor Front, telling Germans to enjoy life and "not vegetate" came a decree cutting down cattle slaughterings by 20 per cent. All Hitler's great victories seem to result only in lower living standards and harder labor, and the moral satisfactions which they bring are no longer sufficient compensation. Overorganized, overdrilled, overworked, and oversupervised, the German people are becoming so exhausted that they respond less and less to each new stimulant. They are not the stuff with which worlds are conquered.

*

BY INTRODUCING A CONSCRIPTION BILL Mr. Chamberlain has broken many pledges that he would never take this step in peace time. But we are not sure that this is ground for an indictment. It is, however, an admission of guilt on a much graver charge —of dalliance with aggressors until the moment when only a full mobilization of British resources can hope to check their depredations. The adoption of conscription obviously has no immediate military value. The first draft of two to three hundred thousand young men will need six months for a modicum of training. No doubt, as equipment becomes available, the numbers will be gradually increased. But as a symbolic gesture conscription is important, for it is so contrary to the whole British tradition that only in the gravest circumstances could it be accepted by the people. The government's action is therefore an attempt to convince present and potential allies, as well as the dictators, that its new firmness toward aggressors is not a mere façade. France, Russia, and Poland have been pressing for such a sign, and apparently there has been equally strong pressure from British groups. The Labor Party is opposing conscription, but it seems unlikely to carry that opposition to more than parliamentary lengths. Its position on the question is, in fact, not easy to sustain. For it has been urging the government to take a firm stand against fascism, and it now risks the accusation that it is unwilling to implement its words with the means of action. Moreover, although it has pressed the government to accept allies irrespective of ideological differences it has permitted just such an obstacle to prevent the formation of an effective opposition to Chamberlain. Had it not thus weakened its authority the Labor Party would have been in a better position to insist that conscription should, at least, be accompanied by a change in Prime Ministers.

AN ALMOST TOTAL BLOCKADE CONTINUES on news from Spain. The few reports which have filtered through the censorship tell practically nothing about conditions in Madrid and other formerly Loyalist cities. According to the latest official dispatch, the "peace parade" has been definitely set for May 15, after which there will be general demobilization of both domestic and foreign troops. Doubt is still expressed, however, that demobilization can actually be carried out so soon. William Carney, the pro-Franco correspondent of the New York *Times,* reports that only 223 persons have been condemned to death of the 17,000 who have been tried for treason by the new regime. Private letters from Spain, however, say that the number of executions runs into the thousands with the end not yet in sight. The food situation, for all except the most favored of Madrid's population, is declared to be worse than during the siege. There are also reports of disaffection within Franco's ranks which will preclude any possibility of restoring normal conditions in Spain for many months to come.

*

THE CHINESE SPRING OFFENSIVE SEEMS TO have pushed back the Japanese in many sectors of their two-thousand-mile battle front. Despite Japanese denials, it is apparent that the Chinese are less than ten miles from Nanchang and are threatening to nullify Japan's one victory since the capture of Hankow last October. Another Chinese attack is threatening the strategic city of Hsuchow, junction of the Tientsin-Nanking and Lunghai railways. Fighting continues on the outskirts of Canton, although here the Chinese seem to have made little progress in the past few weeks. To complicate matters, Japan faces new difficulties on the economic front. Its effort to force the population of North China to accept unbacked paper money in place of Chinese national currency has definitely failed. And in the United States Senator Pittman has introduced a bill empowering the President to stop all trade with Japan, while the Treasury is considering the imposition of penalty tariffs on Japanese imports. Enactment of either of these measures, but particularly of the Pittman bill, would seriously weaken Japan's military efficiency.

*

FEW VOICES ARE RAISED TO DISPUTE THE increased efficiency and economy to be derived from the reorganization plan announced by the President, and it is difficult at this time to recall just why the tories should have raised the bogy of dictatorship two years ago in an effort to prevent this modest streamlining of government. New federal security, works, and loan agencies are created, and the newer government instrumentalities developed by the New Deal are distributed among them and the Department of Agriculture. That portion of the reorganization plan of perhaps the widest significance is

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the one placing PWA, WPA, and other public works under a single head. One of its most useful by-products is that it ends the danger that the white-collar projects might be scrapped by enactment of the Byrnes bill. While works agencies are thus coordinated by the reorganization order, Mr. Roosevelt apparently looks forward to less need for public works next year. His relief message defended the principle of work relief but asked only $1,477,000,000 for the WPA during the next fiscal year, a sum that would give employment to but 2,000,000 jobless as compared with the 3,000,000 on WPA last year. While Mr. Roosevelt seeks to appease the budget balancers in this way, the Congressional committee investigating the WPA seems to be laying the groundwork for as dirty an attack as possible. The committee's agents in New York—one of whom has served as counsel for "patriotic" groups—are seeking to find out what members of the Federal Arts Projects are members of the Workers' Alliance or the Communist Party. The right of the unemployed to be represented by the Workers' Alliance, or any other organization, has been upheld by the Administration; a man out of work has as much right to belong to the Communist Party as a man with a job. We can see no authority for the committee's snooping.

*

JOHN L. LEWIS HAS PUT THE A. F. OF L. leadership on a big black spot. He charges that the amendments to the Wagner Act supported by the federation were "prepared with the aid, advice, and counsel of representatives of the National Association of Manufacturers," and declares himself ready to present documentary proof to the Senate Committee on Education and Labor. William Green and John P. Frey have issued denials, and Joseph A. Padway, counsel of the A. F. of L., says he will meet the Lewis statement "at the proper time." The proper time to meet it is when A. F. of L. leaders testify for the Walsh amendments before the Senate committee, and we hope members of the committee will subject them to a thorough examination. For the fact remains, as *The Nation* has pointed out, that the Walsh amendments were never approved by the A. F. of L. rank and file, or by a convention, and that they go far beyond the two amendments authorized by the joint meeting last December 20 of legislative representatives of the A. F. of L. and the railroad brotherhoods. The other Walsh amendments are clearly designed to protect employers, and to protect them in anti-union activities. They have no connection with legitimate—or illegitimate—trade-union aims. That the National Association of Manufacturers supports these amendments is no secret, but if Lewis can present documentary evidence of collusion between the notoriously anti-labor N. A. M. and the A. F. of L. he will set off an explosion that may blow the traitorous top leadership of the federation sky high.

THE APPOINTMENT OF LORD LOTHIAN AS British Ambassador in Washington is significant. Evidently Downing Street feels that in these troublous times an unprofessional diplomat is more likely to gain a sympathetic ear for its policies than a cut-and-dried career man. In Lord Lothian it has found a man who has many contacts here, who has traveled extensively in America, and who has conscientiously studied American affairs. We have no doubt that the New York "Four Hundred," the best hostesses of Washington, and the more exalted academic circles will receive him with open arms. Ordinary Americans, we suspect, may find him a trifle too suave. Lord Lothian entered public life as a member of Lord Milner's nursery—a group of bright young men who carried Oxford's "sweetness and light" to South Africa after the Boer War. Later he helped establish the *Round Table,* a solemn quarterly devoted to the higher ethics of British imperialism. During and after the Great War, as secretary to Lloyd George, he acquired a thorough education in practical politics. In recent times Lord Lothian, a friend of Lady Astor's and like her a Christian Scientist, has been identified with the Cliveden appeasers. However, living up to his family motto—*Sero sed serio* ("Late but in earnest")—he is now ardently advocating a strong alliance against aggression and is even willing to accept Russian aid. Interviewed in London regarding his new post, Lord Lothian is reported as saying: "I would be quite satisfied to do half as well as Joe Kennedy has done over here." That is no doubt Mr. Chamberlain's hope, but it sounds a bit ominous to us.

*

NATIONAL PEACE AND SECURITY WEEK, organized to mobilize public opinion throughout the country behind immediate revision of the Neutrality Act, was scheduled to close with a mass-meeting in Washington on May 3. Although hastily announced to meet a crisis in our foreign relations, the week met with an excellent response in many parts of the country. Last Saturday the Republican mayor of Los Angeles, Fletcher Bowron, held a huge mass-meeting on the steps of the City Hall, at which Czech, Slavic, Italian, and Chinese groups in native costume led the singing of the Star Spangled Banner. Mayor LaGuardia and other city officials sponsored the week in New York. The formal drive will be officially ended by the time these lines are read, but there must be no relaxation in popular pressure for revision of the Neutrality Act to permit discrimination between aggressors and their victims. The Senate committee's decision to postpone action on neutrality for at least another few days makes it imperative that the campaign go on until Congress either adopts the Thomas amendment or repeals the present act altogether. Such action would be the most effective possible answer to Hitler's insolent appeal for American isolationist support.

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Hitler Says No

BY FREDA KIRCHWEY

IN EUROPE today it is true not merely that acts speak louder than words but that words are important only as acts. Hitler's answer to the President was a political act and has been accepted as such. The important elements in his speech were (1) his unconvincing effort, aimed obviously at his own people, to justify the conquest of Czechoslovakia; (2) the direct threat to Poland, embodied not only in his repudiation of the Polish-German non-aggression pact and his reiteration of the demand for Danzig and a trans-Corridor corridor, but in his startling comparison of Poland's present situation with that of Czechoslovakia last summer; (3) his shrewd counter-attack on American institutions and on the President's intervention in European affairs, designed to take all possible advantage of isolationist sentiment and political division in this country.

Each of these points deserves some attention. The labored argument on the righteousness of the seizure of Czechoslovakia was first of all an answer to German unrest and discouragement. All observers testify to the disquiet in Germany that followed the Munich triumph. It filled the ordinary German with foreboding as well as shame. But, superficially at least, it could be accepted as an item in the popular program of creating a *Volkstaat*. The victory of March was another story. The annihilation of the Czechoslovak state, the absorption of Bohemia and Moravia, the "freeing" under Nazi rule of Slovakia—these were a step in a different direction, a step toward that *Lebensraum* which has no fixed walls and which so obviously cannot be occupied without ousting the present occupants by force.

The conquest of Czechoslovakia had to be justified in the eyes of the German people if only to lay the ideological foundations for the next move in the direction of Poland. Poland is no more German than Czechoslovakia. Apart from Danzig it has no considerable or solid German minority; even the Corridor is predominantly Polish. Germany has asked for the cession of Danzig and for a fifteen-mile-wide strip of land across the Corridor. Poland has refused this request; it has mobilized its army and signed a mutual-defense pact with Great Britain. It has, in short, proved even less amenable than Czechoslovakia. In view of all this, Hitler was forced, he said, to repudiate his recently renewed non-aggression agreement with Poland; but he would still be willing to negotiate a new one if Poland wished. Which meant, put plainly, that he would refrain from attack if Poland would now surrender Danzig, the right of way through the Corridor, *and* the alliance with Great Britain; otherwise the fate of Czechoslovakia would be Poland's fate.

The issue of Danzig is not a palatable one for the Western powers. The city is German; it is Nazi in sentiment and its government is Nazi-controlled. As a single issue, Danzig would be a poor *casus belli*, politically as well as morally. Hitler knows it and so he deliberately directs his open threats to this point. But Danzig is not a single issue. Economically it is both vital to and dependent on Poland. Deprived of it and cut off by the proposed new corridor from Gdynia, their only other port, the Poles would be at Germany's mercy. For this reason the chance of settlement by negotiation looks slim unless Great Britain and France behind the scenes bring upon Poland the sort of pressure that forced Prague to yield in September. Undoubtedly the Western powers would welcome a "voluntary" compromise, but Poland will hardly be subjected to the brutal ultimatum from its allies that downed the Czechs. The new anti-aggression front, based on the new realization of Hitler's threat to the West, would collapse under such a barefaced betrayal. To weaken that front was, of course, a major purpose of this part of Hitler's speech.

Hitler's third object was to ridicule the President's plea and direct attention to American weaknesses. According to Dorothy Thompson, this section of his "answer" was prepared by the German embassy in Washington. It was a good job. As Miss Thompson points out, Hitler used not only the arguments but almost the exact language of the American opponents of the President's foreign policy. He repeated his regular—and always effective—attack on the Versailles treaty; he played on the popular theme of British imperialism; he pointed out the deplorable economic plight of the United States; he dismissed the very thought of German penetration in the Americas while pointedly listing our own lapses from neighborly good conduct; he rebuked the President for interfering in Europe instead of tending to his own affairs at home. All in all Hitler managed to sound like a mélange of American isolationist Senators, and like them he avoided the great issue on which the President based his plea: What is to become of Western civilization if war engulfs the world? Mr. Roosevelt asked Hitler whether he would demobilize and submit his claims to a conference in which the United States would join as friendly mediator. Hitler talked all around the subject and then said no.

He said that just as the United States would resist foreign interference in the affairs of the Americas, so Germany would resist interference on the Continent, especially in those areas set apart for German exploitation; in effect he established a Monroe Doctrine for Europe. And he offered bilateral peace pacts in place of the general settlement suggested by the President. Putting these two counter-proposals together, we can see clearly enough the design in the Führer's mind. Hitler's Europe would be comprised of states bound separately to Germany—but not to one another—by "peace" pacts drawn in ac-

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cordance with the "life-needs" of the Reich. If it should suit Hitler to alter the arrangements, he could do so at his convenience, taking one state at a time. It is easy to see how reasonable the idea of such a Europe must look to Hitler.

But at the moment this ideal Europe is in abeyance. An alliance created specifically to resist his plans is in process of rapid growth. If Russia joins as a full-fledged member, it will be hard to beat. But Hitler is still betting on his power to corrupt and divide, to threaten and buy. He is confident enough to risk saying no to the President. The next very few days will demonstrate whether his assurance is justified.

The Milk Racket

NO phase of the monopoly inquiry should be of greater interest to the American people than that which deals with the milk business. Harsher names have been applied to it. So conservative a farm journal as the *Rural New Yorker* could say, when Tammany Leader James J. Hines was convicted, "The policy racket covers a period of about seven years and was said to involve about seven million dollars. . . . The milk racket covers a period of twenty years and is estimated to have involved one hundred million dollars a year." Bitterness is understandable when one observes the fat profits which two huge nation-wide milk combines continue to draw from a set-up in which there is an apparent overproduction of milk on the dairy farm and an all too real underconsumption of it in the home.

Although the Temporary National Economic Committee devoted less than two full days to presentation of the public's case against monopoly practices in milk and heard no representative of dairy-farm or consumer organizations, enough evidence was forthcoming to paint the outlines of a characteristic and crucial "want amid plenty" problem. As we go to press, spokesmen for the milk industry are opening their rebuttal. They have much to rebut. The testimony and statistical analyses by Dr. Frederic C. Howe of the Department of Agriculture and Kemper Simpson of the Federal Trade Commission show that since milk distribution became a big business the margin between what the farmer gets and what the consumer pays for milk has widened. In 1923, when the National Dairy Products Corporation was formed, the dairy farmer's share of the milk consumer's dollar was 52 cents. Ten years later it was 35 cents.

The monopolists are perpetually talking of a supposed surplus of milk and assuring the farmer of their generosity when they buy this "surplus" at distress prices, but an AAA official estimated some years ago that if pinch-faced children in the slums and the pellagra-ridden South had sufficient milk there would be a shortage of 15,000,000 cows. Big-business methods in milk have meant, not economy and efficiency in distribution, but a greater power to exploit both farmer and consumer.

It is a pity the monopoly inquiry did not invite farm and consumer organizations to speak on the milk problem, for then the hearings might have gone beyond familiar evils and generalities to the concrete and immediate problems involved in AAA milk-marketing regulation. The Supreme Court last week heard argument on the appeal from the decision of Federal District Judge Frank Cooper holding the New York milk-marketing agreement unconstitutional. And after reading the legalistic brief presented by the government and the realistic opinion handed down by Judge Cooper it is hard to avoid the conclusion that though the AAA may have succeeded in raising the price of milk it has not succeeded in curbing monopoly. On the contrary Judge Cooper showed specifically how the price-pooling provisions would drive the independents out of business. One feels that the government's argument put it in the position of acting as apologist and defender in New York of much the same interests and tactics that it is prosecuting under the anti-trust laws in Chicago. It is no accident that Frank E. Gannett's anti-New Deal *American Agriculturist* is strongly supporting the AAA milk agreement, while the pro-New Deal Dairy Farmers' Union and the pro-New Deal Milk Consumers' Protective Committee in New York City oppose it. Nor is it easy to down the suspicion that the Chicago milkshed committee appointed by Governor Horner of Illinois to study the New York milk-marketing regulations may seek to sidetrack the anti-trust prosecution in Chicago by proposing a similar marketing order for that area.

With the principle of government regulation of milk we have no quarrel. But we do not think the Department of Agriculture has yet made a satisfactory reply to the criticism voiced by Judge Cooper. The federal-state regulatory set-up in New York was conceived in the councils of the monopolists and supported in Albany and Washington by their lobbyists. The basic fallacy, the contention that "company union" cooperatives genuinely represent the dairy farmer, is reflected in a system of block voting that makes a joke of the democratic referendums which are supposed to pass on marketing agreements. The same illusion finds embodiment in price-pooling provisions that benefit the big distributors at the expense of the independents. Finally, the complex system of classification developed by the big combines as a means of milking the dairy farmer was taken over in its most extreme form by the AAA in New York. Whatever the Supreme Court decision—and it may find the case moot because the complementary state law has also been held unconstitutional—revision of the AAA by Congress as far as milk is concerned is essential if the milk monopoly is to be curbed instead of legalized. The objectives must be to

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give the individual dairy farmer the right to an individual vote, to end domination of the big cooperatives by the milk combines, and to simplify or eliminate systems of classification and price-pooling so complicated that no ordinary farmer can vote on them intelligently and so arranged as to insure domination of price and market by the two milk trusts.

The Economic Trump

AS AN argument for not concerning ourselves with the affairs of the outside world, we frequently hear it said that the totalitarian powers offer no threat to the territory or domestic interests of the United States. This is true in only the most limited sense. It does not take account, for example, of the fact that our national security is dependent on the general recognition of some standard of international law and equity. Each new triumph of the aggressors undermines that protection by encouraging the forces of decay. Nor is enough consideration given to the direct threat of totalitarian policies to our economic security. For in the fascist states no clear distinction is made between military policy and economic policy. Trade and finance are but instruments of power politics. In the past two years the Nazi government has been engaged in extending and perfecting the economics of war while the democratic countries have refused to take the same road. The Japanese have been developing similar weapons in the occupied sections of China.

The conflict between totalitarian trade policies and those of the United States goes much deeper than is ordinarily realized. The United States, in common with most of the democratic countries, believes that economic progress is best served by an interchange of commodities and that such an interchange will raise living standards throughout the world. It has long believed that by liberalizing trade policies, reducing tariffs, providing an open door in the colonies, and insisting on equal treatment through the most-favored-nation clause, many of the causes of economic friction between nations can be removed. The policies of Germany, Italy, and Japan are opposed to this program. Nazi policy has been directed toward obtaining complete control of the economic resources of Central and Eastern Europe, and as much as possible of the resources of Latin America. The primary purpose of Nazi trade has been, not to raise living standards, but to obtain the raw materials essential for war. To assist this drive, trade agreements have been made as far as possible instruments of political control. And the totalitarian powers have used military threats and economic blackmail to enforce their policy wherever necessary.

At the same time the fascist states have not hesitated to take the utmost advantage of the free-exchange system to further their political and economic ends, even while seeking to destroy that system. Their purpose is so to weaken the democratic countries that when war actually comes they will already have been defeated.

Against the economic weapons of the aggressor powers there must be an economic defense. Nothing could be more anomalous than a huge increase in our expenditures for military defense while we continue to furnish the aggressor states with the materials by which they may continue their aggression, materials that may ultimately be used against us. Fortunately, it is not necessary for the United States to adopt fascist trade policies in order to defend itself against totalitarian pressures. The United States, Great Britain, France, and the Soviet Union together control an overwhelming share of the world's raw materials. This imposes on them a very special responsibility to utilize these resources for raising the world's standard of living. They also have a responsibility to see that the resources are not used to buttress the policies of the aggressor states.

What type of economic defense could, then, be suitably used by a democracy interested primarily in peace and higher standards of life throughout the world? There would seem to be three fundamentals: First, every effort should be made to develop and extend trade between the United States and those countries which are interested in promoting the fullest exchange of goods and services and which accept the principle of equal treatment for all. This would serve the twofold purpose of strengthening the non-totalitarian states economically and of supporting the internal forces of democracy. Second, measures should be adopted to deny the advantages of such a free-exchange system to countries which seek to use those advantages to destroy the system. The United States already denies Germany the advantages of most-favored-nation treatment. But Japan and Italy enjoy full access to our market despite the disabilities which they place on American trade in the territories under their control. Passage of the new bill introduced in Congress by Senator Key Pittman, authorizing the President to embargo exports to or imports from Japan, is an essential part of a program of economic defense of the United States. Other measures which might be taken in this direction were discussed in last week's issue of *The Nation*. Finally, an economic counter-offensive, in the form of loans and trade concessions, should be waged in Latin America and elsewhere to regain the cooperation of countries now in the totalitarian economic orbit.

If we act while we retain our economic strength, it is still possible to prevent the aggressors from resorting to war. For we still hold the trumps. But if we wait, pursuing a program of economic appeasement, we not only make war more certain but risk defeat when war comes. Our great financial and economic power is our best defense if we are wise enough to use it.

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Open Season on Reds

BY KENNETH G. CRAWFORD

Washington, May 1

REPRESENTATIVE Howard W. Smith of the Eighth Virginia Congressional District has for too long hidden his light under a bushel. Little known outside his home town of Alexandria and the back rooms of Congress, this small-time banker, landlord farmer, lawyer, and statesman deserves recognition from the reactionaries whose chores he has done so quietly and efficiently as a member of the House Rules Committee. Without Smith, John O'Connor of New York could never have been what President Roosevelt called him: the greatest obstructionist in Congress. Nor could Martin Dies have done what he has without Smith's advice and support. If gratitude were in the tories, Smith, not Garner, would be their candidate for President.

They call Garner the Man of the Hour. But he isn't really. Smith is. Smith symbolizes the silly season now on in Congress as Garner never could.

Smith's latest exploit gives something of the measure of the man. He has gathered up a handful of the scores of bills recently introduced in the House to deliver the country from the menace of communism and domination by aliens and thrown them together into an omnibus bill (H.R. 5134) "to make it unlawful to overthrow the government of the United States . . . and for other purposes." This measure is primarily designed to harass aliens, fingerprint them, confine them in concentration camps, and, if possible, send them back where they came from. But as the title suggests, it also makes it a crime punishable by $10,000 fine, ten years' imprisonment, or both for a citizen to advocate overthrow of the government by force or violence.

Going a step farther, it provides that: "It shall be unlawful for any person to organize, or help to organize, or become a member of, or affiliate with any society, group, or assembly of persons who teach, advocate, or encourage the overthrow or destruction of the government of the United States, or the government of any state of the United States, or the government of any subdivision thereof, by force or violence, or by any unlawful means." The bill also makes it a crime to suggest assassination of the President or any other public official. The jails would bulge with buxom ladies if the Smith bill passed and the D. A. R., throwing off its inhibitions, resolved its true sentiments toward President Roosevelt.

As for aliens, they could be thrown into concentration camps and left there for life if they belonged to "any association, society, or group which advocates, teaches, or advises a change in the form of government of the United States." Thus an alien member of the C. I. O. might be jailed or deported because that organization advocates amendment of the Constitution to forbid child labor. While it would require a tortured interpretation to hold that such a change in the basic law constituted a change in the form of government, some of our federal courts are expert torturers. Under Smith's bill, too, all non-citizens would be registered, fingerprinted, and rushed out of the country or into concentration camps for deviations from Republican standards of virtue.

In fact, the Smith bill is so nearly a spiritual twin of the infamous Alien and Sedition Acts of 1798 that it would be regarded as either a monstrosity or a practical joke at a normal session of Congress. But not at this one. Last month the House actually passed, surreptitiously to be sure but without any effective opposition, a bill by Representative John J. Dempsey of New Mexico, Dies committee member, providing for deportation of any non-citizen who advocates or belongs to an organization advocating "any change in the American form of government." And a few days later the House Judiciary Committee approved a bill by Representative Sam Hobbs of Alabama providing for the creation of concentration camps for aliens. Smith has borrowed the worst features of both the Dempsey and Hobbs bills. The determined atavism of the Southerners who control most House committees cannot be laughed off.

While part of the Smith pack concentrates on new laws to persecute recent immigrants and radicals, others are pursuing them by "investigation." The Dies committee, its coffers replenished with a $100,000 appropriation and its staff augmented by the hiring of J. B. Matthews as "research director," is again hot on the trail of the elusive red. Meanwhile, a subcommittee of the House Appropriations Committee under Clifton Woodrum, another Virginia giant, is sniffing the same tracks on the pretext of conducting an investigation of relief. H. Ralph Burton, its chief investigator, has been in New York trying to find out how many Arts Projects workers are members of the Workers' Alliance and taking pictures of a few copies of the *Daily Worker* found with other newspapers in a Writers' Project workshop.

While all this is going on, liberals in the Senate are finding it difficult to get action on a resolution to appropriate another $100,000 so that the La Follette committee can complete its inquiry into the activities of the West Coast fascisti headed by the Associated Farmers.

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And Senator Wagner of New York is meeting stubborn resistance in his attempt to permit 20,000 child refugees from the Hitler terror to enter the United States. There is a chance, nevertheless, for the Wagner and La Follette projects. The latter has been indorsed by both the A. F. of L. and the C. I. O. and can be put across if William Green makes full use of his influence over the Senate. So far he hasn't.

With the alien population diminishing and the Communists, following their united-front line, relatively quiescent, the current clamor for their scalps from Congressional descendants of alien radicals who chased the Indians out is a little puzzling. One contributing factor, and probably the most important, is Dies's magnificent demonstration that the old red-baiting stuff, twisted enough to give it an anti-Roosevelt slant, is readily convertible into headlines. However, that isn't the whole explanation. Smith, for example, is no publicity hound. He is content to work for the cause of social and political retrogression behind the scenes and let Dies take the bows. His motivation goes deeper. He is a convinced, sincere, native American primitive who seems to believe, with Hamilton, that the populace is a beast. The beast must be caged. Repressive measures against aliens, politically harmless because they have no vote, are a start in the right direction. It is a little sad to realize that Jefferson, were he alive today, would be one of Smith's constituents (Monticello is in the Eighth District), and that his advocacy of periodic revolution would make him a criminal under the Smith bill.

Tom Dewey: G.O.P. Glamor Man

BY McALISTER COLEMAN

WHEN Thomas Edmund Dewey goes through the spacious rooms of the Bankers' Club at the luncheon hour, the formidable array of about-to-be-stuffed shirts, leaders of the New York bar, bankers, business men, and industrialists gathered there is visibly impressed. At the approach of this young man, with his plump cheeks, his pointed nose above a coal-black mustache, his quick-darting eyes, an awed silence falls over the tables. As he passes, with Samuel Seabury at his side beaming with a pride that is well-nigh paternal, club members whisper to their out-of-town guests, "There goes Tom Dewey."

An outsider would not suspect that in spite of his appearance of sleek abundance Dewey is in reality a symbol of scarcity—the scarcity currently suffered by the Republican Party in respect to full-statured Presidential candidates for the coming election. That this political juvenile should be seriously considered for the star part in the coming G. O. P. performance is an indication of the straits in which the casting committee of the Old Guard now finds itself. His complete lack of contact with the rank and file of party workers beyond the Hudson, his glaring unfamiliarity with the most elementary details of the spade work of politics on a national scale, his pompous and dictatorial manner, and his arrogant refusal to listen to advice make the wheel-horses restive when they think of 1940.

Since Dewey's campaign against Lehman last year, and particularly since the fresh flood of publicity loosed by the conviction of Hines, the nation's press has blazoned his name from Cape Cod to Los Angeles. The impression has gone abroad, sedulously cultivated by the G. O. P. press-gang, that at last the party has found that desideratum of all old-line nominating conventions, a house-broken liberal. He is pictured as the shining-armored one who has successfully tilted against gambling and vice in the very capital of crime, and the picture is in no way marred by the fact that the little fellows are still being fleeced by the policy racketeers and that scarlet women are still to be found within New York City's limits.

With this picture goes the "New Faces" slogan, though not so much has been heard of that of late. This is the supposititious plea of the younger element in the party for something new to look at on campaign posters. The Young Republicans are alleged to be putting the heat on the higher-ups for new and more liberal leadership. Should the Democrats invite mass fratricide by nominating a reactionary like Garner, new faces like those of Dewey and the easy-to-look-at Bruce Barton would have an enormous appeal, especially for the women.

The belief held in many quarters that Dewey, who clasps in fellowship the clammy hand of Herbert Hoover, is a genuine liberal has not been downed by the fact that since his last campaign he has moved definitely out of the camp of such liberal supporters as Kenneth Simpson, leader of New York City's Republicans, now in disfavor with the Old Guard because of his deals with the American Labor Party in '38. Mr. Simpson is a loyal party worker who continues to give out statements that his postman's back is bent with letters from Dewey's supporters. Mr. Simpson, however, has been around, and his private thoughts on the qual-

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ity of the Dewey liberalism would be interesting. Liberal followers of Mayor LaGuardia who are still within the Republican fold are no more enthusiastic than the Simpson group. Just a little while ago, in one of those off-the-record speeches before political writers at Albany, the District Attorney made it plain that he had not forgiven the Mayor for refusing to commit himself in the last election. Yet though straight-shooting liberals may gag, it begins to look as if they would have to join with the Old Guard in whooping it up for Dewey when the Republicans next convene to rescue the country from the fell Democratic clutch. The Big Money is in the Hoover camp together with Mr. Dewey, and where the money is there are the delegates also.

Before the Dewey boom becomes ear-splitting, it may be possible to attempt some evaluation of the qualifications for the Presidency which the young man from Owosso, Michigan, and New York City possesses. There is, in all conscience, no lack of information for anyone interested in Mr. Dewey's starry-eyed career; newspaper morgues bulge with fat envelopes dealing with every phase of the success story which began in the little town near Flint on March 24, 1902.

To the great and, at that time, wicked city of New York this unknown young man came with a degree of A. B. from the University of Michigan, a pleasing baritone voice, and a decision to make as to whether he should be an actor, a singer, or a lawyer. He chose the last and worked his way through the Columbia Law School, supplementing his meager income by singing in church choirs. He was graduated in 1925, admitted to the bar the following year, and employed subsequently by the law firm of Larkin, Rathbone, and Perry and later by McNamara and Seymour. He was introduced to Republican politics by Stephen Tyng, then his district captain, now one of his assistants. Then he was discovered by George Z. Medalie, who was United States Attorney.

Mr. Medalie had worked up a good practice in the defense of such big-shot racketeers as Arnold Rothstein and Legs Diamond, but was now prosecuting the underworld with equal zeal. He made Dewey one of his assistants with instructions to go after bootleggers. Dewey won his first criminal case in thumping style by convicting the beer-running "Waxey" Gordon Wexler. This was in 1933, and Mr. Medalie graciously stepped aside in the course of the trial so that his assistant could be sworn in at the tender age of thirty-one as the youngest man ever to hold the job of United States District Attorney for the Southern District of New York. At the conclusion of the Wexler case, which received abundant publicity, Mr. Dewey retired to private practice and is said to have made fifty thousand dollars in two years. Then a grand jury of business men, disgusted with the fumbling tactics of Tammany's District Attorney, William C. Dodge, asked Governor Lehman to give them a real prosecutor.

After considerable hesitation because of Dewey's youth, the Governor made the young man Special Prosecutor at a salary of $16,695 a year, provided him with $122,000 for expenses, and told him to go after the racketeers whom Dodge had been treating with such suspicious tenderness. Mr. Dewey picked four men, all under thirty, for his assistants—William B. Herlands, Jacob J. Rosenblum, Murray I. Gurfein, and Barent Ten Eyck. They were hard-working, courageous, and as keen in smelling out crime as their chief. And they did a grand job.

Small business men were invited down to Dewey's heavily guarded offices in the Woolworth Building and promised protection if they would name the racketeers who were preying on them. The prosecutor moved swiftly and successfully against the gangs in the live-poultry business, against trucking, restaurant, and baking mobsters, loan sharks, and the organizers of policy games and prostitution. In other cities whose good names had been tarnished by gangster activities men said, "Watch this Dewey kid. He's throwing the fear of God into the mobsters." There was a quiet exodus from listening posts around Times Square, from upper West Side apartments, from waterfront markets and Harlem basements.

With such a record of practical accomplishment, Dewey's name was inevitably the only one considered by the anti-Tammy united front when it sought a candidate for District Attorney. At first Dewey was disposed to be coy about it. Then he imposed terms—an absolutely free hand, the extension of his peculiar methods of prosecution, and plenty of money for these prosecutions from wealthy reformers, money which need not be accounted for. Ironically enough it was Ferdinand Pecora, who later as judge in the first Hines trial plainly showed his distaste for Dewey's methods, who finally persuaded Dewey to run.

There were those who urged the candidate to take a fundamental stand on the causes of crime in our municipalities. They wanted him to talk about the conditions that breed crime, the economic forces back of racketeering. He had his own ideas, however, and these consisted in raising his audiences' hair by telling detective stories. "Eleven men were sitting in the back room of an East Side hang-out—" that sort of thing. It went over big.

Having obtained his free hand, the new District Attorney went on throwing "the fear of God" into criminals with even greater energy. A succinct tribute to the effectiveness of his methods is this note written by a "bagnio" proprietress from her cell: "I hope Uncle Dee drops dead, the louse."

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The Dewey technique entails the mass production of evidence which leads in a surprising number of cases to convictions of a spectacular nature. Carefully rehearsed raids net large numbers of the small fry in the lower reaches of the racketeering world. These are bundled indiscriminately into patrol wagons and deposited in houses of detention, known as Dewey's "singing schools." If by chance some big fish is caught in the net, he is sent to such a "quiet place in the country" as the Westchester house where a key witness in the Hines trial shot himself. The small fry are held as material witnesses under bail so high, in most cases, as to assure a long stay under lock and key. After a few days they are interviewed by a member of the D. A.'s staff and urged to tell all. By this time the weaker among them are in such a state of boredom or panic that they start "singing." It must be understood that all this is done in the most gentlemanly manner. There is no rubber hose, no goldfish room, no third degree in the old-fashioned sense. The prisoner-witnesses are assured that it is all for their own good and that the protective-arrest method is to save them from unpleasant consequences after their release.

Once the singing is well under way, encouraged by promises of immunity, sooner or later there will pop up a name for which the investigators have been waiting. That's what happened in the Luciano case, for example, when a lady with the nickname of "Cokey" said that she had seen Luciano talking with some low characters in a Chinese restaurant. Now, with the name of the Big Shot in the investigator's notebook, there is a smart stirring in Mr. Dewey's sound-proof offices. The original singers are sent back to their detained fellows to urge them to go and do likewise. They tell of guaranties of protection and of fat rewards for services that may be rendered in tracking down the wanted Big Shot. An affidavit made by a witness in the Luciano case states that she was sent on a trip to Europe at the expense of the D. A. Another tells how a witness and her husband were set up in the filling-station business out West. Another contains a letter from a Dewey assistant promising that a witness would not be punished for certain misdeeds, "or for any other offenses."

The Big Shot, aware that the Dewey finger is on him, does one of three things—he comes in to sing about some Bigger Shot, he flees town, or he decides to stand trial. Dixie Davis, lawyer for the Dutch Schultz mob, combined the first and second courses of action. As a result of his singing, and despite the manifest reluctance of Judge Pecora, Davis was let off with a light sentence.

The singing processes are conducted in the strictest secrecy. There is an air-tight censorship in the Center Street office which few reporters and no staff members dare to question. Lawyers have difficulty in seeing their clients, against whom no charges have been officially made. But soon a grand jury hands down some important indictments, and the town has a new sensation.

In the course of the trials he conducts, and most notably in the summing up, the young prosecutor has a habit of indulging in *obiter dicta* which simply infuriate the defense counsel. "I can't tell you," he will say blandly, "what this man was doing at that time or in that place. Of course, I know, but—." It was this running fire of innuendo which angered Judge Pecora — who had long before broken with Dewey.

District Attorney Dewey

Lloyd Paul Stryker, counsel for Hines, kept insisting that Dewey was interested in the conviction of the Tammany leader, "because it was important to him [Dewey] personally." And he more than hinted that there was a relationship between Dewey's prosecution and his political ambitions. A few outspoken liberals, concerned with the maintenance of civil liberties, have made no secret of their misgivings about the possible extension of the Dewey technique. If it is possible to hold men and women practically incomunicado and under prohibitive bail in the name of protective arrest and for no specified crime, to offer rewards for their testimony, to make searches and seizures without warrant, and to introduce as legal evidence material gathered by these seizures, what may happen, ask the liberals, if a prosecutor takes it into his head to go after opposing political groups, or social and economic organizations with a philosophy distasteful to him—or to the President?

In his campaign for Governor of New York last fall Dewey used some of the same cops-and-robbers technique. When he thundered against crime and told how he had wiped it out in his adopted city, upstate dairymen and apple-growers, who long ago learned to think of New York in Babylonian terms, took him to their collective bosoms. When, however, the young candidate attempted to link to Albany beer-runners the man who had given him his start, even Frank Gannett, upstate Republican owner of an influential newspaper chain, thought this was going a bit too far. He wrote in his Utica *Daily Press:* "A fairly general feeling exists that Mr. Dewey may be overplaying his hand in trying to spread the racket-busting technique all over the state." Other advisers warned Dewey not to attempt to "smear Lehman."

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For a little space the Republican candidate tried other issues. In one speech he charged the New Deal with "callously wasting funds for political purposes," and with keeping "millions of workers out of jobs by a spirit of hostility and quarreling toward business." This was more to the taste of the Gannetts, but at that time opponents of the New Deal were not so strong as they are today, and after reading some telegrams Mr. Dewey announced that the preceding comment embodied his chief criticism of the New Deal. He then talked about "the intrenched greed of monopolies" and said, "We must fight to uphold every measure passed or offered for the relief of human distress, the advancement of the cause of labor, the promotion of economic security."

When someone suggested that he might find some greed intrenched in the headquarters of the Niagara-Hudson and the Consolidated Edison, which have the state hogtied to exorbitant rate bases, Mr. Dewey consulted a rate expert who has long fought the utilities. The candidate was then able to point out quite correctly that the much-heralded Lehman effort to regulate the utilities had reduced the average residential electric-light bill only 12 cents a month. However, he named none of the members of the utility lobby which has so bitterly fought even the mild reforms advocated by Lehman. Naturally he said nothing about the Republican alliance with the lobby and nothing about public ownership. The Dewey solution was to "revitalize" the New York Public Service Commission.

Finding that when he strayed from crime the cheers of his audiences were notably muted, the candidate went back to racket-busting. At the same time "Vote American" placards began to appear upstate, and there were indications that a strong anti-Semitic drive was getting under way. To Mr. Dewey's credit be it said that he promptly repudiated this sinister move, exclaiming, "I condemn and despise any support based upon racial or religious prejudice."

As election approached, with optimistic forecasts from Republican headquarters of a Dewey victory, President Roosevelt sat down for a hot fireside chat. He commented on young men who spend their time at "ladies' tea parties and gentlemen's clubs" and ended by remarking, "By their promoters shall ye know them." Farley capped this by naming some of the more prominent contributors to the Dewey campaign fund of $230,366—J. P. Morgan, Eugene G. Grace, Mrs. David Bruce, daughter of the late Andrew Mellon, Solomon R. Guggenheim, Simon Guggenheim, Harry I. Guggenheim, Murray Guggenheim, E. Frazier Jelke, and Trubee Davison, among others. When the shouting was over, it was found that Lehman's plurality over Dewey was 64,394 and that the District Attorney had increased the Republican vote in the state only 4 per cent over the vote cast for Judge Bleakley in 1936.

Although a few nights after the election Governor Lehman and the District Attorney shook hands cordially enough in a theater lobby before the camera men, since that time they have clashed with a bitterness that indicates the true feelings of both. In a tempestuous moment the District Attorney accused the Governor of having engineered a "leak" for the purpose of discrediting the testimony of Dixie Davis. The usually restrained Governor was outraged. He accused Dewey of "inexcusable arrogance and impertinence."

Arrogance is a word frequently on the lips of Dewey's critics. Though the District Attorney may be the pet of newspaper publishers, owners, and advertisers, he is certainly no favorite with working reporters. They detest the hoity-toity manner in which he snaps, "No comment," in answer to routine and legitimate questions. They have no admiration for the way in which he comes to them outside the courtroom where he is conducting a case and asks, "How am I doing?" Conceding his courage, his incorruptibility, his enormous energy, they also tell of his slave-driving of his assistants, his violent temper, his biting tongue, his conspicuous lack of humor, and, above all, his overwhelming admiration for the life and deeds of Thomas Edmund Dewey.

But humor, modesty, and gratitude are not necessary qualities in a Presidential nominee, as the Republican bosses well know. What is needed now is to line up the delegates to the next convention. New York State Republicans, split into two hostile camps, must somehow be unified. Mr. Simpson and his fellow-liberals must be appeased or purged. Something must be done to keep the pudgy figure of Herbert Hoover well in the background; however valuable the Hoover support may be within the Old Guard sanctums, it is nothing to parade before a public whose memories go back to October, 1929. Chairman John D. Hamilton is struggling with these complications, and in the meantime Mr. Dewey is wisely letting his chief rival, the verbose Taft of Ohio, make public utterances on the state of the nation which, if continued, seem destined to clear the tracks for Dewey.

Dewey stands up at closed-door gatherings of newspaper publishers, big advertisers, bankers, and industrialists in a Barkis-like attitude, assuring all hands that he is not seeking the nomination but—. His off-the-record speeches show him to be a man who combines the zeal for "good government" and for "turning the rascals out" which marked the municipal reformers of the '80's and '90's with an easy acceptance of the reactionary creeds which have invariably aborted these reforms. Boasting that he was born in the twentieth century, he has progressed little farther in his political, social, and economic thinking than the McKinley era.

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How to Win Loot Without War

BY WILLI SCHLAMM

HITLER'S foreign policy is the most profitable venture we have heard of since gold was discovered in California. It is like a fairy tale—one gets rich over night, conquers countries without firing a gun—or like a business man's dream, a maximum of gain with a minimum of risk. Fathers who want their sons to have a great future ought to have them study Hitler's diplomacy. Learn in four short lessons how to become the master of an entire continent.

LESSON I: THE PRINCIPLES

Erase from your old history textbooks the thesis, "War is the continuation of politics—with other means." The new German diplomacy is based on the principle, "Peace is the continuation of war—with other means." The world at large loves peace because it is peace; this is its big mistake. The new German diplomacy esteems peace only as an instrument with which to wage war. The silly old world imagines that foreign politics is the art of *avoiding* war. For Hitler foreign politics is the art of *winning* wars. German diplomacy is a war science. Hitler's diplomats are a special corps of the German army. You will learn about their arms in the next lesson.

LESSON II: THE LIGHTER ARMS

Model Number One: Popular Indignation. This arm has the advantage for Hitler that its manufacture does not require foreign exchange; "popular indignation" is entirely made in Germany and of German raw materials. Production is exceedingly simple: you produce "popular indignation" by talking about it. "The German government advises that it will not be able much longer to restrain the growing popular indignation—" and there you have it; the popular indignation is all ready. Statesmen of the old school fear this arm because they know that under democratic conditions the people's *genuine* indignation is very powerful. They do not know that the new Germany fabricates popular indignation in a chemical laboratory.

Model Number Two: Provocation. In "Mein Kampf" Hitler says that he got his biggest stimulus from Dr. Lüger, an old mayor of Vienna, the man who created anti-Semitism in Austria. Dr. Lüger uttered thirty years ago the classic sentence: "I will decide who is a Jew and who not, and nobody else shall decide it!" The new German weapon, "provocation," was made according to the same formula. A special section of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs in Berlin decides when and where the German nation has been provoked. Mussolini's ban on the German language in South Tyrol was no provocation, but when an honest Czech called Frantisek Navratil was made a postman in the Sudeten German village of Prachatice, that was a unbearable provocation. This light weapon is used to ascertain if the enemy front has become nervous. When it is fired, elderly enemy commanders usually lose their heads and evacuate voluntarily their positions.

Model Number Three: Accusation of Terror. Terror is whatever the others are doing. An especially acute form of terror is the wish of a non-German state to have its laws respected also by its German citizens. Hitler permits the other states of the world to impose on their German citizens in the course of every year a maximum of 10 per cent of the discipline which the Third Reich imposes daily on its non-German subjects. Whatever exceeds this 10 per cent is terror. This weapon is effective especially because of its crashing noise.

LESSON III: ARMS OF HEAVIER CALIBER

Model Number Four: the Incident. The "incident" is a kind of "provocation" but charged with more dynamite. Nobody outside Germany can ever guess which provocation will have the honor of becoming an incident. The choice is made in Berlin after meticulous calculations. An event which in December would have been a mere provocation can suddenly develop into an incident in May; it depends on the state of the harvest, on alliances, and on other circumstances. Whenever German diplomacy needs an "incident," it has one to hand. Why? Because for centuries in almost every tavern of the world people have fought on week-ends. German diplomats can rely on it. And they can rely on it that at least one of the guests quarreling in the tavern will be a German. And if they happen to be in need of an incident, any little riot in a bar gets the chance to enter the school books as a historical date.

Model Number Five: Equal Rights. This very efficacious arm has been based on an old principle: most persons will swallow any nonsense if it is labeled "equal rights." Of course a thief who proclaimed the thesis, "If the judge has got the right to lock me up, then I have the right to lock the judge up," would be laughed at. But if the statement is made by a government, half the world will believe it. "If the Prague government has the right to send troops to Bratislava, I have the right to send troops to Prague," said Hitler and went into Prague.

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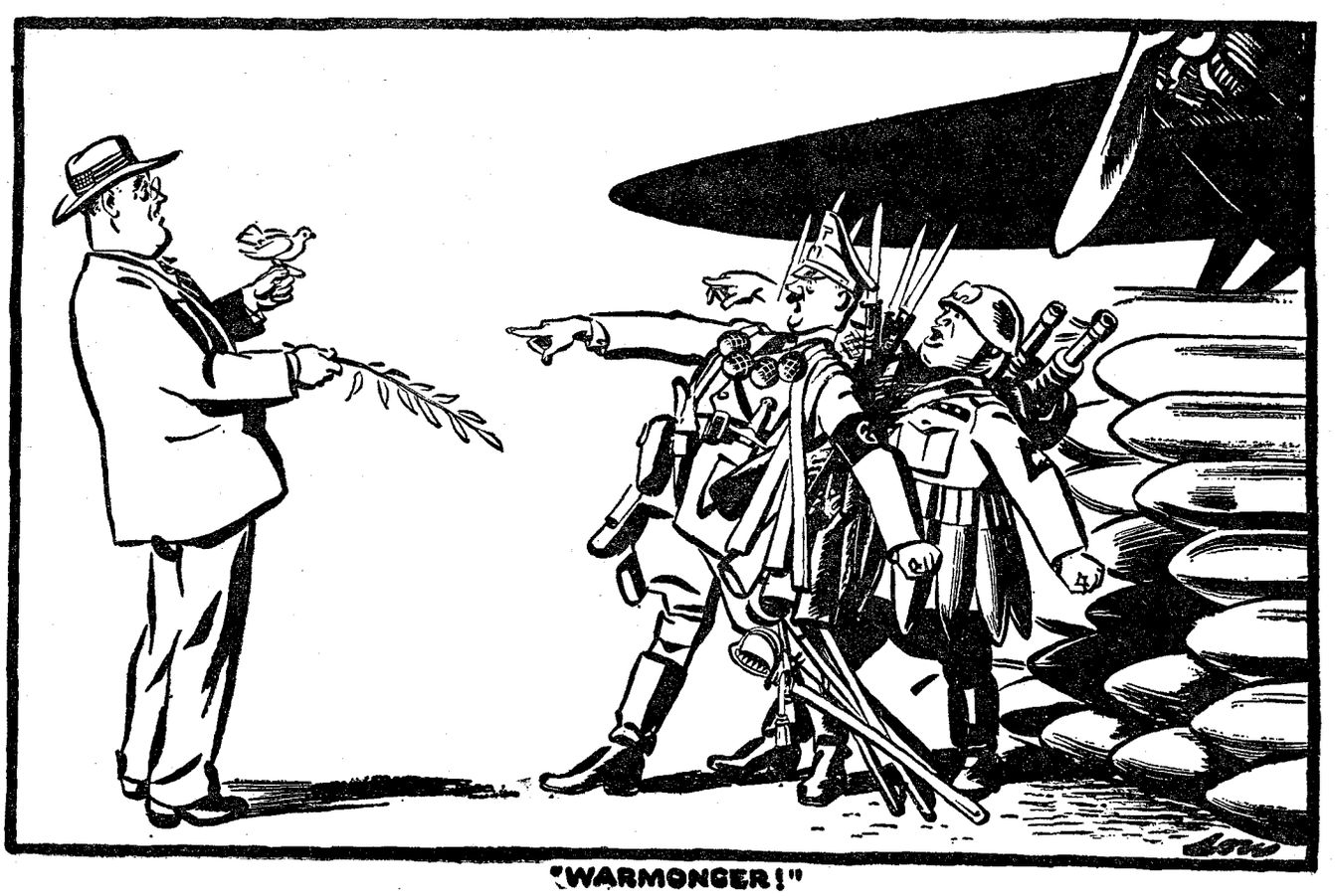
"Equal rights for the judge and for the thief!" It sounds funny, but this is, in politics, the most impressive argument of the twentieth century. Having studied carefully this prevalent feebleness of reasoning, the Berlin Foreign Ministry constructed its "Equal Rights" gun.

LESSON IV: WEAPONS OF THE VERY FIRST RANK

Model Number Six: the Lie. The brilliant inventor of this arm observed one day that most European statesmen have both an academic degree and the naivete of an illiterate person. After this observation it was easy for him to proceed to the construction of that gigantic modern weapon, the lie. The strongest argument of naive statesmen in favor of their "appeasement policies" against the dictators is the lies they have been told. "But the Dictator said himself that he would be a good boy now. He said that he would not ask for anything more if only we would give him this one last slice of cake!" Hitler declared six times, orally and in writing, that he would respect the independence of Austria under any circumstances. Six times the world breathed more freely. After it had breathed more freely for the sixth time, Hitler invaded Austria. Hitler declared three times in solemn form that he did not want one inch of Czechoslovak soil. The world breathed freely, three times. After the third time Hitler cut Czechoslovakia to pieces.

Model Number Seven: the Menace. We all know that we might break a leg in the street, but we talk only rarely about it. This is a matter of moral hygiene; if the danger of breaking a leg were discussed daily every second person would become a neurotic and refuse to walk in the streets. There you have the secret of Berlin's most potent weapon! The new German diplomacy has abolished the protection which civilized man had developed against his fear of war.

Psychoanalysts know that it is relatively insignificant whether a man lived through a misfortune in reality or only in his imagination; if the psychological experience was vivid enough, the same physical consequences may result from it. The new German diplomacy has used this axiom of "Jewish" psychoanalytic science to construct an entire arsenal of modern weapons. They shell the world with "revelations" about the tremendous efficacy of mysterious German poison gases, of mysterious German incendiary bombs, of mysterious German plague germs. It does not cost one cent—the newspapers of the democracies actually pay money for it. People live through the horrors of war *in their imagination.* This enervates them exactly as a real war would. German diplomats, as the vanguard of the German army, aim to make the real war quite superfluous. They discharge news instead of guns and wound minds instead of bodies: they conquer the reason and not the armies of their enemies. A novel type of general has become the Napoleon of the twentieth century—the gifted publicity agent who combines some knowledge of psychoanalysis with a few tricks of suggestion like those which a modern department store uses to catch customers. And this modern Napoleon does not survive through his genius but through his colossal luck; he is surrounded by a world of neurotics.



"WARMONGER!"

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Living Philosophies

XIV. FAITH OF A CYNIC

BY LIN YUTANG

I HAVE always been repelled by idle philosophical speculations; terms like Plato's "idea," Spinoza's "essence," "substance," and "attribute," and Kant's "categorical imperative" have always aroused in me a sense of suspicion that the philosopher was getting too much involved in his own thought. The moment a philosophical system becomes too impressive or logically too beautiful, I become suspicious. Complacent, self-satisfied, and foolishly logical systems, like Hegel's philosophy of history or Calvin's doctrine of total depravity, arouse in me only a smile. On a still lower level, political ideologies, such as fascism and communism as they are actually represented today, seem to me but caricatures of thought itself. For communism I have a much higher respect than for fascism because the former is based on an idealistic love for the common man, while the latter is based on a cynical contempt for him; but as they are practiced today, both are to me products of Western intellectualism and show a curious lack of self-restraint. More and more I am impressed by the wisdom of Confucius: "I know now why the moral life is not practiced. The wise mistake the moral law for something higher than it really is; and the foolish do not know enough about what moral law really is. I know now why the moral law is not understood. The noble natures want to live too high, high above their ordinary self; and the ignoble natures do not live high enough, that is, not up to their moral, ordinary, true selves. There is no one who does not eat and drink, but few there are who really know flavor."

While I have the utmost patience for science when it is discussing or bisecting the smallest minutiae of life, I have no patience for hair-splitting philosophy. Yet in their simplest terms science, religion, and philosophy have always fascinated me. Stated in the simplest terms, science is but a sense of curiosity about life, religion is a sense of reverence for life, literature is a sense of wonder at life, art is a taste for life, philosophy is an attitude toward life based on a greater or lesser, but always limited, comprehension of the universe so far as we know it. I regret profoundly that I was presented with the choice of enrolling in the School of Arts or the School of Science as a freshman when I did not know anything about either, and I shall always feel that perhaps I made a wrong choice by choosing the arts. My love for science has never ceased, and I have tried to make up for my rejection of it by constant reading of popular summaries. If by science is meant an eternal curiosity about life and the universe, then I may still claim to be a scientist. Also I am so profoundly religious by nature that "religions" often make me furious. My being a pastor's son does not explain it all.

As an ordinary educated man I have tried to adopt a reasonable and as far as possible harmonious attitude toward life, toward living, toward human society, toward the universe, and toward God. The fact that I am naturally predisposed to suspect philosophical systems does not mean that I disbelieve in the possibility of a more or less unified and harmonious view of life, issuing in a harmonious attitude toward the business of living—money, marriage, success, the family, patriotism, and politics. I believe rather that the distrust of involved and air-tight systems makes the adoption of a reasonable, unified, and harmonious view of life fairly simple and easy.

I know science's limitations, but with my worship of science I always let the scientist do the spade work, having complete confidence in him, knowing that he is thoroughly conscientious. I let him discover the physical universe for me—the physical universe that I desire so much to know. Then, after getting as much as possible of the scientist's knowledge of the physical universe, I remember that the man is greater than the scientist, that the latter cannot tell us everything, cannot tell us about the most important things, the things that make for happiness. Then I have to rely on *bon sens*—that eighteenth-century word which deserves reviving a little. Call it *bon sens*, or common sense, or intuition, or intuitive thinking, it is that type of thinking which alone can help us attain the wisdom of living. True thinking is always that type of thinking, a sort of warm, emotional, half-humorous and half-whimsical thinking, mixed with a grain of idealism and a grain of delightful nonsense. Give imagination a little play, and then restrain it by a little hard cynicism, like the kite and its string. The history of mankind seems like kite-flying: sometimes, when the wind is favorable, we let out the string a little and the kite soars a little higher; sometimes the wind is too rough and we have to lower it a little; and sometimes it gets caught among tree branches But reach the stratosphere of pure bliss—ah, perhaps never!

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II

Since Galileo's time, the influence of science has been so vast and deep that it has enveloped all of us. The modern man's views of God, of the universe, of the basis and nature and constitution of matter, of man's creation and past history, of his goodness or badness, of his soul and its possible survival, of sin, punishment, the character of God's vengeance and forgiveness, of man's relationship with the animal kingdom—all these notions have undergone definite changes since Galileo's time. On the whole, I may sum it up by saying that, in our minds, God has become bigger and man smaller, while, on the other hand, the body has become cleaner and immortality vaguer. Thus all the most important notions involved in the practice of religion—God, man, sin, and immortality (or salvation) —have been, or should be, overhauled.

It is not because I am irreligious but rather because I am supremely interested in religion that I cannot help tracing how the progress of scientific knowledge impinges on the externals of religious belief. While the Sermon on the Mount is left practically intact, as is also the beauty of the moral realm and of noble living, we must bravely admit that science has played havoc with the paraphernalia of religion, the stock notions with which the religions have always worked, like the notion of sin or of hell. I think not one in a hundred college freshmen or seniors today, perhaps not one in a thousand, believes in a literal hell. And if such stock notions have undergone a profound change, religion itself, or at least organized religion, certainly must be affected.

When I say that in our minds God has become bigger and man smaller, I mean bigger and smaller physically. Since we cannot but conceive of God as being at least commensurate with His universe, we naturally become spellbound, awestruck, as modern astronomy steadily reveals a wider and wider physical universe. The greatest enemy of old religions and all anthropocentric faiths is the two-hundred-inch telescope. When I took up a New York paper a few weeks ago and read that some astronomer had discovered a new star cluster 250,000 light-years away from the earth, the old notion of man's place in nature became downright ridiculous. These things are not unimportant in their bearings on our belief. I long ago reached the point where I realized how small and puny and humble I looked in God's, or the Universe's, eyes, where the idea of a complicated system of downfall, punishment, and redemption seemed entirely preposterous and presumptuous. The very idea of God punishing man for his imperfections seems as absurd to me as the idea of myself evolving a system of punishment and redemption for a being less than the size of an ant's feeler, or of a fair-sized maggot.

Science, or modern knowledge in general, has changed our idea of good and evil, of retribution, and of the worth or necessity of vicarious suffering. The idealized contrast of sin and perfection is no longer tenable. A better knowledge of man's heritage of animal or savage instincts, products of a natural course of evolution, has rendered meaningless the age-old debate over the original goodness or badness of human nature. You cannot blame man for having the sex instinct any more than you can blame the beaver for having it. Thus the mysticism about the evil of the flesh, upon which the Christian religion was built, loses meaning. The medieval, or monastic, or typically "religious" attitude toward the body and toward the material life is therefore gone, and in its place has come a healthier and more sensible view of man himself and of his earthly occupations. To say that God was angry with man for being imperfect, or for being merely halfway on the road of evolution, does not make sense.

What repels me particularly today in religion is its emphasis on sin. I have no consciousness of sin and no feeling of being damned. I think many men, looking at the problem coldly and sensibly, have come to take the same position. While not living a saint's life, I believe I have lived a fairly decent human life. Legally I am perfect, while morally I have imperfections. But all these moral imperfections or delinquencies, like occasional lying and neglect of duty, added up together and placed before my mother as the judge, would probably make me deserve three years' imprisonment at the most, certainly not the damnation of hell-fire. This is not boasting; few of my friends deserve five years at the worst. And if I can face the memory of my mother, I can face God. My mother could not condemn me to eternal hell-fire. This I know. And I believe God is as reasonable and understanding.

At the other end of the Christian teaching is the notion of perfection. Perfection was the state of man in the Garden of Eden, and perfection is also the state aimed at in the future heaven. Why perfection? I cannot understand it. It does not even spring from the artistic instinct. The idea, developed by the logic of Asia Minor of the first centuries, was that we wanted to live in heaven in the company of God, and that unless we were perfect, we could not go to heaven. This perfection is therefore of a mystical character, having no logical basis except the desire of man to live in a heaven of perfect bliss. I doubt whether the Christian, if he were not promised a heaven of perfect bliss to live in, would care to be perfect. In actual daily life this notion has no import whatsoever. I therefore also repudiate for myself the ideal of the perfect man. The ideal man is rather one who has tried to live a decent life and to see the truth according to his lights. The ideal man for me is merely a reasonable man, willing to admit his mistakes and correct them.

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III

Such a revelation of belief must be profoundly disturbing to many sincere Christians. Yet unless we are ruthlessly honest, we are not worthy to know the truth. In this matter we ought to behave as the scientists do. It is generally as painful for scientists to discard the old laws of physics and accept new theories as for us to discard old beliefs. Scientists often struggle against new theories, but they are a fair-minded lot and eventually accept or discard theories as their scientific conscience dictates. New truth is always disturbing, as the sudden impact of light is painful to the eye. Yet after the mental or physical eye is adjusted to the new light, the situation is not so bad after all.

What, then, have we left? A great deal. The contours of old religions have been changed and their outlines blurred, but religion remains and always will remain. I am speaking of religion as belief colored with emotion, an elemental sense of piety or reverence for life, summing up man's certainty as to what is right and noble. One might think that by analyzing the spectrum of the rainbow or creating artificial rainbows at fountains in squares our belief in Noah's pact with God would be destroyed and we would therefore be left in a world of Satanic skepticism. But no, the rainbow is just as beautiful if one will only look. Not a bit of the beauty and mystery of the rainbow or the river breeze is destroyed.

There is a world of simpler beliefs left for us. I like them because they are simpler and perfectly natural. What I call the old "machinery" of salvation is gone; in fact, the very object of that salvation for me is gone. The old paternal God, the God who takes an almost inquisitive interest in our trivial personal affairs, is also gone. The logical chain of original perfection, downfall, damnation, vicarious suffering, and new perfection is definitely broken. Hell is gone, and after it heaven. In this philosophy of living I believe we simply have to leave heaven out. It may frighten us, who are used to thinking with a heaven, to do so, but it should not. For we still have a marvelous universe, physical in its aspects and almost spiritual in its workings, moved as it were by forces unseen.

The spirituality of man, too, is untouched. The moral realm is untouchable by the laws of physics. Understanding of the rainbow is physics, but delight in the rainbow is morality. Understanding does not, and should not, and cannot destroy the delight. This is the world of simple beliefs, requiring no theology and no hypothetical rewards and punishments. It is enough that man's heart is still touched by beauty and goodness and justice and kindness. To live the good life, to act according to our highest and noblest instincts, is merely the right thing to do. It is in fact to be religious. Granted that we have the animal heritage, that we have instincts that are survivals of our savage and animal ancestry—the "sin," if you like, that we carry with us in our history of development—it is only common sense to say that we have a higher and a lower self. There are noble instincts and ignoble instincts. Without believing that the ignoble instincts are attributable to a Satan working in us, we still do not need to follow the ignoble instincts at the expense of the noble. As Mencius says, "The sense of mercy is found in all men; the sense of shame is found in all men; the sense of respect is found in all men; the sense of right and wrong is found in all men." Again as Mencius, the advocate of the higher life and the greater self, puts it, "He who attends to his greater self becomes a great man, and he who attends to his smaller self becomes a small man."

IV

But though materialism does not logically follow the disappearance of the old religious point of view, morally it does, so curiously are we human beings made. The modern world is on the whole increasingly materialistic as it becomes increasingly less religious. Religion has always meant to man a unified body of valid beliefs, with a divine sanction back of it. It is something which man feels instinctively and emotionally rather than believes intellectually. Cold rationalistic beliefs cannot take the place of religion. Furthermore religion has the sanctity of age, the force of an old tradition. It is not good that this tradition be lost; but this has happened. The modern age, moreover, is not the kind of age to produce new founders of religion. We are too critical. And the force of an individual's private belief about rational conduct compared with the force of a great religion is like a gutter compared with a great river. This private belief is, I believe, fully adequate for the superior man, but not for the inferior man, in Confucian terms. We have really landed in a modern dilemma.

It testifies to the wisdom of Moses and Confucius that they both tried to give the laws of civil life a religious sanction. But as we cannot produce a Moses or a Confucius in this modern age, I believe that the only kind of religious belief left for the modern man is a kind of mysticism in the broadest sense of the word, such as was preached by Laotse. Broadly speaking, it consists in reverence and respect for the moral order of the universe, philosophic resignation to the moral order, and the effort to live in harmony with this moral order. The *tao* in Taoism means exactly this. It is broad enough to cover the most advanced present and future theories of the universe. It is both mystical and practical. For the materialism of success the Taoist has a kindly, indulgent smile. Materialism looks foolish rather than evil in Taoistic light. Hatred and envy are diluted with laughter. Against the excesses of luxurious living Taoism teaches the simple life, and against the urban life it teaches the love of nature. Against ruthless competition and struggle it teaches the emptiness of the prize, the defeat of the

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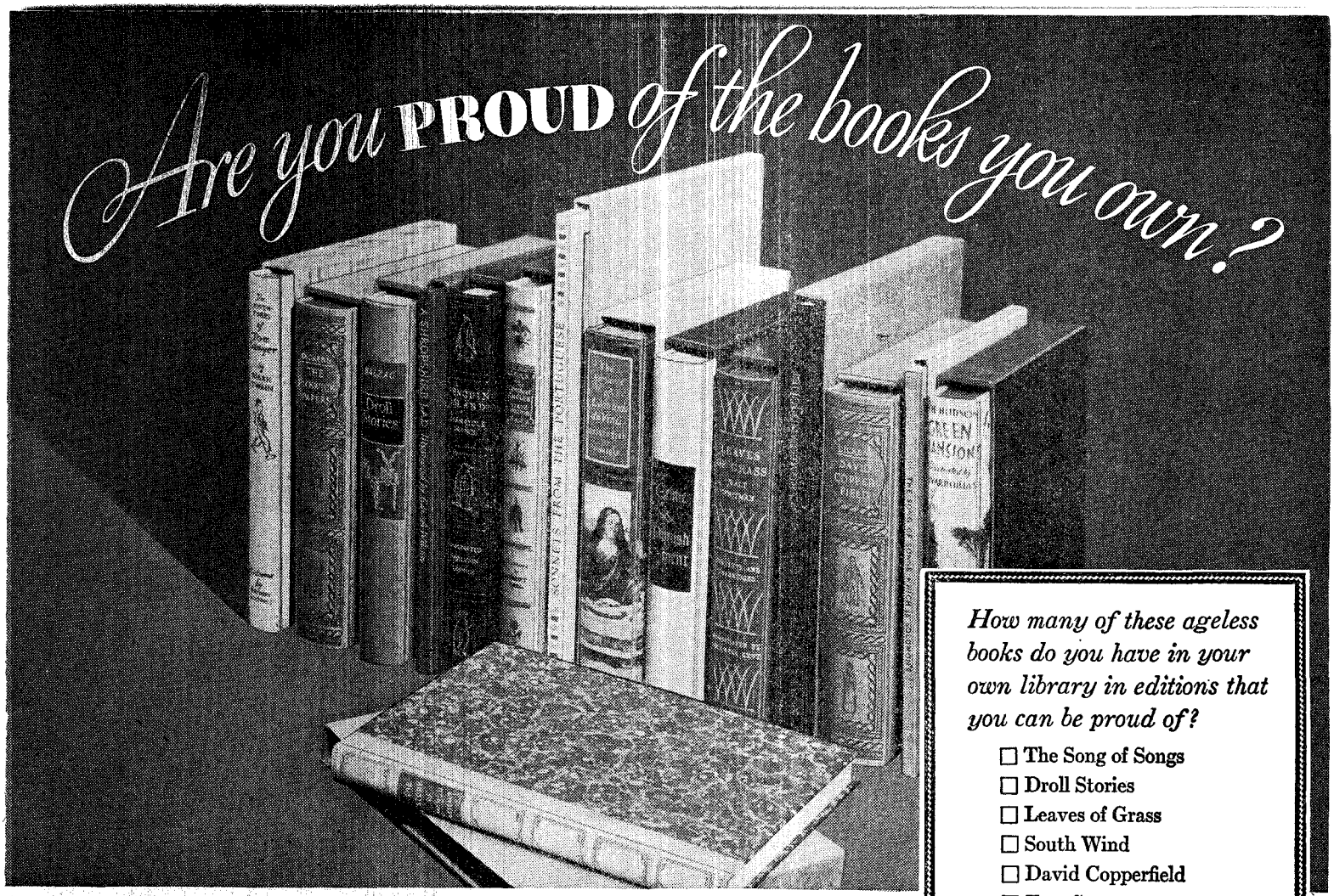

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conqueror, and the victory of the humiliated. Against the foolish desire for individual immortality it teaches the immortality of the universe and of life itself. Against overaction it teaches inaction and contemplation. Against achievement it teaches being. Against strength it teaches softness. Against the most sinister force of modern life, the belief in brute force as exemplified by the fascist nations, it teaches the important doctrine that you are not the only clever guy in the world, that you get nowhere by trying to push ahead, that nobody is a damn fool all the time, and that the law of action and reaction works eternally, bringing vengeance upon those who violate it. It works toward world peace by breeding the fundamental peaceful temper.

In the reconstruction of religion in other respects, I do not think we shall be so successful. I have defined religion as an elemental sense of reverence for life, summing up man's beliefs as to what is right and noble in a unified view of God and life and man. The body of valid beliefs naturally changes from age to age. These valid beliefs form the content of religion, and the content must change. The importance of any particular tenet varies from time to time. "Remember to keep holy the Sabbath" was once, for instance, an important tenet of religion, but it is entirely unimportant today for the modern man. Probably "Remember to keep holy international treaties," if it could receive the sanctity and emotional color of a religious belief, would contribute more to our happiness in the present age. "Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's goods" can be liberally interpreted, but it would certainly be better if man today could believe religiously "Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's territory." It would have much more real force. "Thou shalt not kill" can be considerably improved by adding the phrase "not even people of a different country." These beliefs should be religiously valid, but they are not. It would be extremely difficult to produce a new religion that would embody these important tenets of the modern age. Living in a truly international community, we lack an international religion.

We are living in a cynical age. Man is less optimistic about himself, or has less faith in humanity, than the French encyclopedists of a century and a half ago. Less than ever do we as a whole believe in liberty, equality, and fraternity. Diderot and d'Alembert might really be ashamed of us as their intellectual descendants. International morality has never sunk so low. "For sheer shamelessness we have to hand it to the people of the nineteen-thirties," some future historian will write. As far as killing one another is concerned, we are living in an age of super-barbarism. Mechanized barbarism is barbarism none the less. In such a cynical age only the supreme cynicism of a Taoist is not cynical. The world will right itself. Take a long view and you are comforted.

Everybody's Business

"COUNT YOUR BLESSINGS . . ."

IF THE Board of Governors of the Stock Exchange were truly imaginative, it would surely have held a revival meeting when the details of the British budget came over the ticker. Proceedings would have opened with a fervent singing of "Count your blessings, count them one by one," and the chairman would then have given an address pointing out how happy was the lot of the American capitalist in comparison with that of his British brother. "We may think we are unduly chastised," he might have concluded, "but should we not be thankful that we merely have to suffer the whip of the radical Roosevelt and are spared the scorpions of the tory Chamberlain?"

However, since Wall Street's present attitude is "Lower taxes and less spending even though it chokes us," it is hardly surprising that it has not stressed the relatively greater weight of British burdens. So far as I know, there has been no publication of comparative figures such as appear below.

BUDGET ESTIMATES 1939-40

	Great Britain	*American Equivalent* (million $'s)	*United States*
Total expenditure	6,187	18,551	9,096
Total revenue	4,408	13,224	5,770
Increase in public debt	1,778	5,334	3,326
Public debt at beginning of fiscal year	38,203	114,609	41,131

To obtain the American equivalent of the British figures the latter have been translated into dollars at the current rate of exchange and then multiplied by three, since the population of this country is about three times that of Great Britain and Northern Ireland.

Looking at these figures, and remembering the dire prophecies that if we increase our public debt much more we shall be economically sunk, we may wonder how Britain manages to keep going. Indeed, our scare-mongers might go farther and ask themselves how Britain, which at all times since the war has carried a debt burden incomparably heavier than our present load, has contrived to keep its system on a fairly even keel and has even improved its standard of living.

Comparison is also in order between the actual taxes paid by wealthy Americans and those which will be paid by wealthy Britons after the budget increase in surtax rates.

TOTAL INCOME	INCOME TAX AND SURTAX	
	Great Britain	*United States*
$ 10,000	$ 2,373	$ 415
50,000	21,440	8,869
100,000	52,440	32,469
250,000	155,190	128,294
500,000	336,440	304,144
750,000	577,690	489,094

If we were to apply to the British fiscal situation the same type of orthodox analysis that is daily applied to federal financial policies in this country we should arrive at two contradictory conclusions. On the one hand, we should expect that high tax-rates together with the specter of an enormous and mounting debt would deaden private enterprise, dry up

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investment, and intensify unemployment. On the other hand, we might forecast early inflation. Now both these prophecies cannot be correct, even though many financial commentators on our domestic position do not hesitate to subscribe to them simultaneously. For so long as there is any considerable amount of idle labor in a country it is hardly possible to have demand for goods and services so much in excess of supply that there is an uncontrollable rise in prices.

Unemployment has been falling in Britain in the past few months, but in March there were still over 1,700,000 persons without work. Nevertheless, according to both the London *Economist* and Mr. J. M. Keynes, by the end of this year Britain's longstanding unemployment problem will have vanished. The assumption on which this forecast is based is that a budget deficit, however spent, is analogous in its immediate effects on employment to the same amount of private investment. Assuming the latter is unchanged from last year, and the estimated budget deficit is not exceeded, the British investment will rise in 1939-40 by £236 million. Allowing for an average annual output of £250 per employed person, this means additional employment for 944,000. But account must be taken of the fact that employment directly provided creates supplementary employment. Under British circumstances it is estimated that this indirect addition is roughly equal to the direct amount. Hence, theoretically, Britain should not only see unemployment wiped out in the next twelve months but should actually encounter labor shortage, and hence a danger of inflation.

Two steps have already been taken, however, to forestall such a situation. In the first place, the government has introduced a bill to give priority to orders for the army. As a result, new private investment involving the purchase of capital goods from the metal and engineering industries will be discouraged. Secondly, new taxes in the budget are designed not merely to provide more revenue but to reduce consumption. For instance, the drastic increase in automobile-license fees should curtail car purchases severely, freeing both raw materials and skilled labor for armament needs.

The tragedy of Britain is that only under the direct menace of war has it been possible to mobilize all national resources and to solve the problem of unemployment which has overshadowed the country for nearly twenty years. The government has steadily refused to use unemployed men and credit for the creation of public works; now it devotes both to an effort as economically futile as pyramid building. Moreover, since the intensity and duration of that effort depend on forces largely beyond its control, it cannot cry halt when full employment is achieved. It must, if the international situation demands it, go on to divert labor and capital from the production of useful goods to the satisfaction of Moloch.

We can count it among our blessings that foreign enemies are not an immediate menace. But chronic unemployment is a danger to free institutions which we must face. Cannot we mobilize our resources, not for international conflict, but for a war against poverty? We can, but we must first repudiate the fiscal myths to which we cling. We must be willing to see government deficits not reduced but increased. We must realize that so long as a country has a pool of unemployed capital and labor it cannot impoverish itself by borrowing.

KEITH HUTCHISON

In the Wind

GEORGE DEATHERAGE, leader of the pro-fascist "Knights of the White Camellia" and also promoter of the American Nationalist Confederation, hopes to make the latter "*the* fascist party" of America. Recently he sent out more than 1,000 reprints of speeches by Senator Reynolds of North Carolina opposing refugee immigration and praising the Dies committee. The important fact is that they were mailed from St. Albans, West Virginia, where Deatherage lives, in envelopes bearing Reynolds's frank—which could only have been furnished by Reynolds's office.

IT IS GENERALLY admitted in Washington that the State Department is jittery over the anticipated publication of a book by Claude Bowers, ex-ambassador to Spain. During the war State Department officials ignored most of Mr. Bowers's pro-Loyalist reports; now they are afraid he will publish the information they neglected, which has been pretty well vindicated by events.

TEN DAYS after Hitler's seizure of Memel a German map entitled "Das Neue Politische Gesicht Europas" was published which showed both Czechoslovakia and Memel in red as part of the Reich. Danzig, too, appeared in red of a slightly lighter shade. To an American journalist who bought the map in Königsberg the salesman commented: "It will save them trouble; they won't have to remake the map when Danzig returns."

AND SO far on into the night: According to Washington sources a domestic debate took place in the White House shortly after Munich. The President, while chagrined at the pact, insisted that Chamberlain would ultimately resist aggressor nations. Mrs. Roosevelt, more disillusioned, maintained that he wouldn't.

MOVIE EXHIBITORS are becoming increasingly wrathful at Hollywood's issuance of "remakes." Many old films have been reissued with only the title changed, some even under the old title on the theory that people have forgotten it. As a result exhibitors report rising resentment among patrons who discover they've seen it all before. A current example is "The Hottentot," which has been issued five times under different names.

ALTHOUGH NEWSPAPERS rarely carry a line about them, street battles between sellers of Father Coughlin's *Social Justice* and bystanders are becoming frequent, especially in New York. Observers note that the sellers have a double function: to sell the papers, and to shout reactionary, anti-Semitic slogans at non-purchasers. Their actions are in line with the basic fascist tenet that if you repeat a lie often and loudly enough, it will be believed.

[*We invite our readers to submit material for In the Wind —either clippings with source and date or stories that can be clearly authenticated. A prize of $5 will be awarded each month for the best item.*—EDITORS THE NATION.]

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Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

RETURNING travelers from Germany tell distressing stories of the general disintegration of the morale of the German people in consequence of the example set by the head of the state, Adolf Hitler. I do not refer, of course, to his personal habits. His complete temperance and the comparative asceticism of his life set a good example to the youth of the country, although it is not being followed by the leaders in the party. What I am referring to is the breakdown of public and private morality. The doctrine of force preached by Hitler and his open advocacy and practice of falsehood and chicanery as the means of accomplishing one's ends, which he has set forth so frankly in "Mein Kampf," are being imitated throughout Germany. There is no longer any sanctity of contract. An agreement between business men is not to be lived up to if expediency or self-advantage dictates another course. The wholesale plundering of the Jews is costing the people dear. As Booker Washington once said about his own people and the whites, "You cannot hold a man down in the ditch without getting into it yourself and holding him." The German people cannot see their government depriving nearly a million people of all their human rights at home and taking their country and their liberties away from millions abroad without being profoundly if insensibly affected by the dishonesty of such conduct.

This has just been set forth to me at length by an American of German birth and training who represents in Europe an important New York business house. He spoke with the deepest feeling of the inability of bankers and business men to carry on trade with Germany today because of the Germans' total unreliability. If, he says, they want to wriggle out of a bargain which has proved unsatisfactory they have an easy way. They simply say, "Our government will not let us go on with this contract; it says that it does not conform to its totalitarian plan," or "to the four-year plan," as the case may be. No comeback is possible because neither the court nor the administrative officials will decide in favor of foreigners. German business men, he deplores, no longer pretend to any business ethics, and they are openly taking the attitude that they can get what they want by threats and by force. A circumstantial story comes to me from Switzerland of German business men going to Swiss bankers and saying to them: "We know you have a great deal of money in your vaults that you are not using. We warn you that you must help us with some of this. We are going to modernize the Balkans with great speed, putting in new roads, new railroads, developing the mines, and building the factories that will help us, and we are certain that you will not refuse to loan us your surplus funds, because you cannot fail to have noticed what happened to Czechoslovakia." This information reached me before the final destruction of Czechoslovakia and before the published treaty with Rumania had demonstrated the intention of the Hitler government to make the Balkan states into feeders of the German economy.

A German with whom I have just had a long talk—he is visiting here—spoke with great sadness about this breakdown of morality, and said that if the government should fall, he believed so much damage had already been done to the German character that it would take at least a generation to undo the harm and to reestablish standards of common decency and ethics. He declared that the German people are well aware that there was no excuse for tearing the remnant of Czechoslovakia to pieces and annexing the Czechs. No one, he said, even pretends that there was any injury to Germans or any serious disorder calling for invasion. The people now understand the Hitler technique and realize that it can be applied to Schleswig-Holstein or the Polish Corridor; they see that disorders and unrest can be created by Nazi emissaries within any country. I asked him if there were still any gullible Germans who believed that the Reichstag fire was set by the Communists. He laughed and replied: "Only a few who are so stupid or so uninformed as to never have heard or understood the truth."

The disheartening thing about it all is that a whole generation of German children have been taught that might makes right and that, provided you can get away with it, you can rob and murder to your heart's content. All this is so foreign to the character of the old Germany as to constitute in itself a dreadful tragedy. It is in part a result of the World War. The warring nations not only engaged in wholesale murder but accepted the principle that in war you may lie, steal, cheat, and crucify without penalties; in war the ablest liars and killers get the most medals and the highest distinction. Hitler, the uneducated, has merely applied to international affairs the bandit morals he learned during his four years at the front. He is oblivious of the fact that the leaders around him are lining their pockets, that official Germany is ridden with graft and corruption where it was once proud of its integrity. And all this is making the great Germany, the great and noble Aryan Reich which is to last a thousand years!

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BOOKS *and the* ARTS

PROTEUS, OR VICO'S ROAD

BY LOUISE BOGAN

JOYCE has been writing "Finnegans Wake"* for seventeen years. In 1922 "Ulysses" was published in Paris; this book was begun the same year. *Transition* has brought out about half of it, intermittently, under the title "Work in Progress"; and a number of fragments have appeared now and again in pamphlet form. A whole school of imitators has clustered around its linguistic and philosophical example, and its influence has been so strong that critics have been led to write of it in, as it were, its own terms. Something unheard of and extraordinary was happening to language, history, time, space, and causality in Joyce's new novel, and the jaw-dropping and hat-waving of the front-line appreciators were remarkable in themselves. Because this subjective, or rolling-along-in-great-delight-with-a-great-work-of-art, school of criticism has had its innings with Joyce's book, the plain reviewer might do well to approach the work at first with a certain amount of leaden-footed objectivity, remaining outside the structure and examining it from as many sides as possible.

Joyce himself, as we shall see, has given a good many clues to what the book is about. The first thing that strikes the reader, however, is the further proof of Joyce's miraculous virtuosity with language. "Finnegans Wake" takes up this technical skill as it existed at the end of "Ulysses" and further elaborates it. Then Joyce's mastery of structure and his musician's feeling for form and rhythmic subtlety are here in a more advanced—as well as a more deliquescent—state of development. The chief reason for the book's opacity is the fact that it is written in a special language. But this language is not gibberish—unless it wants to be. It has rules and conventions. Before one starts hating or loving or floating off upon it, the attention might be bent toward discovering what it is, and how it works.

This private tongue is related to what Panurge called the "puzlatory," and it is cousin to the language of E. Lear, L. Carroll, and the writers of nonsense verse in general. It is based on the pun and is defined, by Fowler, as: "Paronomasia (Rhet.) 'word-shunting.' Puns, plays on words, making a jocular or suggestive use of similarity between different words or of a word's different senses." Upon this rhetorical device "Finnegans Wake" is borne, no matter what limits of intelligibility or impenetrability it touches. Two examples may illustrate it:

> For a burning would is come to dance inane. Glamours hath moidered's lieb and herefore Coldours must leap no more.
>
> But listen to the mocking birde to micking bards making bared!

Now let us examine the texture of the writing. This, as one would expect, is firm. Moving for the most part in a private idiom, Joyce keeps unerringly to style's economy, precision, and weight. Through a thousand variations, through a confusion of tongues, the fundamental sinew of the writing persists; the book can be opened anywhere, and a page read at random, in proof of this. The remark of Richard Strauss to a young musician comes to mind: "Why do you write atonally? You have talent." Joyce is not writing as he is writing to cover up inexpertness. Prosodically, he is a master, as can readily be seen if he is compared with his apprentices.

He is a master-musician and a master-parodist. Here, even more clearly than in "Ulysses," Joyce brings over into literature not only music's structural forms—as exemplified by the fugue, the sonata, the theme with variations—but the harmonic modulations, the suspensions and solutions, of music: effects in words which parallel a composer's effects obtained by working with relative or non-relative keys. Phrases and whole passages are transposed from a given style, mood, tempo, signature into a more or less contrasting one. Certain proper names —Finnegan, Earwicker, Anna Livia, Dublin, Phoenix, Howth, James and John, Lucan and Chapelizod—reappear in truncated, anagrammatically distorted, or portmanteau forms. The night-river leitmotif reads, at its most normal: "Beside the rivering waters of, hitherandthithering waters of. Night!" Its variants are numerous and remarkable. Joyce, the parodist, in "Ulysses" colored matter with manner with extraordinary effect. The number of styles parodied in "Finnegans Wake" is prodigious. But these present parodies differ somewhat from their predecessors; they are actually more limited. The punning language in which they are framed gives them all a mocking or burlesque edge (the prose poems, only, excepted). This limitation and defeat of purpose—for an immense book written in two main modes only is sure to grow monotonous—is the first symptom to strike the reader of the malady, to be later defined, which cripples "Finnegans Wake."

Thus equipped, then, with his private vernacular, Joyce

* The Viking Press. $5.

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proceeds to attack what certainly seems to be every written or oral style known to man. A list of these styles would fill pages. The range and variety can only be indicated here. All forms of religious liturgy (Bible, Prayer Book, sermon, mass, catechism, litany); conversation; letters informal, formal, and illiterate; the fable, the examination paper, the chronicle; fashion notes and soap-box speeches; the hair-splitting argument and the sentimental narrative. And here are dialects and jargons—"every known *patois* of the English language." Slang, journalese, and specialized vocabularies: of heraldry, the race track, the courtroom, the nursery. Also uncounted foreign tongues, from Sanscrit through Anglo-Saxon to modern European, back to pidgin English, baby talk, and the sounds children make before speech. There are also just plain noises, onomatopoetically expressed, from bangs and howls to twitters and whimpers.

The "auditive faculty" of Stephen Dedalus has been expanded so that the functions of the other senses become subsidiary to it. Joyce has put down everything he has heard for the last seventeen years. We now can examine some evidence from Eugene Jolas, the editor of *Transition,* as to Joyce's method of work. Jolas says: "It was necessary [in compiling a complete MS for publication] to go through a number of notebooks, each of which had esoteric symbols indicating the reference to a given character, locality, event, or mood. Then the words accumulated over the years had to be placed in the segment for which they were intended." And what Joyce was up to in general—the underlying theme and philosophical purpose of the book—has been partially elucidated by Joyce to Jolas and others. Jolas says:

> We know that Mr. Joyce's ambition has been to write a book dealing with the night-mind of man. . . . We have tried to keep in mind that the dramatic dynamis is based on the Bruno theory of knowledge through opposites, and on the Vico theory of cyclic recurrence. . . . History being, in his earlier words, "a nightmare," Mr. Joyce presents his phantasmagoric figures as passing back and forth from a mentality saturated with archetypal memories to a vision of future construction.

Another of Joyce's favorite exegetes sheds a little more light (and it can be definitely stated that light is needed, since the one actual fact which is clear to the reader, without exegesis, is that the action takes place in one night or one aeon of time, and is concerned with a man—a giant, an earth-force—asleep). Stuart Gilbert says:

> Joyce's new work is partly based on the historical speculations of Vico. . . . Vico held that there is a recurrent cycle in human "progress," as in the movement of the stars. Societies begin, continue, and have an end, according to universal laws. . . . Every nation passes through three stages, the divine, the heroic, the human. The prelude and aftermath of each cycle is complete disintegration. . . . Vico contemplated the writing of an "ideal and timeless history" in which all the actual histories of all nations should be embodied. . . . "Work in Progress" is, in many aspects, a realization of Vico's project. . . . It is interesting to note that an exceptionally intricate passage in Mr. Joyce's book is, in effect, a fantasia on the quinary scale. . . . Even the difficult passages of the Anna Livia Plurabelle fragment become lucid when read aloud in the appropriate rhythm and intonation by the author. In fact, rhythm is one of the clues to the meaning . . . for each of the polymorphous personages of the work has his appropriate rhythm, and many "references" can be located by reference to the rhythm of the prose.

With these few "clues" well in mind, the reader can only open the book, without further explanation, and battle his way into it. Life is too short to read all the glosses which have already multiplied around it and will continue to multiply. Some of its themes are perfectly clear. The pedestrian reviewer can add a few scattered notes, put down during her own two weeks' life with the literary monument.

There is every reason to believe that a *complete explanation* of the whole thing will come, after a longish lapse of time, from Joyce himself. This happened, it will be remembered, in the case of "Ulysses" after about nine years. . . . There is nothing whatever to indicate that Joyce has any real knowledge of the workings of the subconscious, in sleep or otherwise. Carroll has far more intuition than Joyce into the real structure of the dream. There are no sustained passages which give, for example, the feeling of nightmare. The punning style, as a matter of fact, precludes this. It is as though Joyce wished to be superior to the unconscious. . . . At one point he brings in a long apologia for his own method and language. The effect of this interpolation is very queer. . . . Some sections start off with indicated time, but these indications seem to be afterthoughts. . . . The later versions of the fragments already published seem to be changed out of sheer perversity: a clause is omitted leaving nothing but a vestigial preposition; a singular noun is shifted to the plural, and the meaning is thereby successfully clouded. . . . The most frightening thing about the book is the feeling, which steadily grows in the reader, that Joyce himself does not know what he is doing; and how, in spite of all his efforts, he is giving himself away. Full control is being exercised over the minor details and the main structure, but the compulsion toward a private universe is very strong. . . . Joyce's delight in reducing man's learning, passion, and religion to a hash is also disturbing. . . . After the first week what one longs for is the sound of speech, or the sight of a sentence *in its natural human context.* . . . The book cannot rise into the region of true evocation—the region where Molly Bloom's soliloquy exists immortally—because it has no human base. Emotion is deleted, or burlesqued, throughout. The vicious atmosphere of a closed world,

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whose creator can manage and distort all that is humanly valuable and profound (cunningly, with God-like slyness) becomes stifling. . . . "Ulysses" was based on a verifiable theme: the search for the father. The theme, or themes, of "Finnegans Wake" are retrogressive, as the language is retrogressive. The style retrogresses back to the conundrum. To read the book over a long period of time gives one the impression of watching intemperance become addiction, become debauch.

The book's great beauties, its wonderful passages of wit, its variety, its marks of genius and immense learning are undeniable. It has another virtue: in the future "writers will not need to search for a compromise." But whatever it says of man's past it has nothing to do with man's future, which, we can only hope, will lie in the direction of more humanity rather than less. And there are better gods than Proteus.

The People, Yes, Doctor

A DOCTOR FOR THE PEOPLE. By Michael A. Shadid, M.D. Vanguard Press. $2.50.

THIS reviewer has never had the good fortune to meet Dr. Shadid in the flesh. But I gather that he is a kind of natural phenomenon, like the dust storms that occasionally redistribute the landscape of the Oklahoma panhandle where he has lived and practiced for thirty years, and where, by a set of curious chances and despite all the might and guile of the adversary, he has established America's pioneer cooperative hospital.

In this book Dr. Shadid tells who he is and how he did it. The story is as fabulous as "Pluck and Luck" or even "Jack the Giant-Killer"; and it is all strictly true. Moreover, it is not Dr. Shadid's fault that his autobiography reads like a collaboration between Horatio Alger and Izrael Zangwill. It's just that it happened that way. Shadid is no prig. In fact, he is a better man than the father of his adopted country, because on one occasion he did tell a lie, or act one—when he stuffed the empty beds of what is now the Farmers' Union Cooperative Hospital with his children and other ringers to fool the inspector for the insurance company, to which the cooperative owed money.

In general, however, one knows that Dr. Shadid is telling the truth in this book, as elsewhere. An intensely active and practical person, he would always have found himself too busy to fictionize anything. He is, in fact, one of the two most interesting and important personalities brought to the fore by the current struggle to reorganize the health services.

Briefly, Dr. Shadid tells how he was born in a one-room stone hut in a malodorous Syrian village; how he witnessed, at the age of ten, the birth of a girl to whom he was promptly betrothed, and whom he later married after they had both come to America; how he was educated in an American mission school in Beirut; how he peddled imported trinkets from door to door to pay for his medical education; how it was not until he married that he became a horse-and-buggy doctor—before that he had only a horse; how he swapped punches, figuratively speaking, for nearly a decade with the Oklahoma medical politicians until the latter couldn't take it any more. This happy ending, which belongs in the "goldfish swallows freshman" category, occurred only this spring. As Dr. Shadid engagingly explains, "the medical politicians do not have enough funds with which to buy the lawmakers as they did in 1937."

The best parts of the book deal with this amazing struggle, in which Dr. Shadid is seen rushing, with scarcely a pause, from operating room, to lawyer's office, to the Farmers' Union hall. Here is a specimen of his platform style: "The profession of medicine is an honorable calling. The people in their collective capacity are going to redeem it from its low estate and restore its ancient precepts—the precepts of the Golden Rule and of Jesus of Nazareth."

It takes a Syrian immigrant brought up in a Protestant American mission school to say that—and mean it. There was a time when this country thought it could use any amount of such faith, such zeal. It could still use it—any amount of it. But I see by the papers this morning that the president of the New York State Medical Society, as a matter of "self-preservation," has urged that the licensing of émigré doctors be sharply restricted.

JAMES RORTY

Our Earliest Cities

CITIES IN THE WILDERNESS: THE FIRST CENTURY OF URBAN LIFE IN AMERICA, 1625-1742. By Carl Bridenbaugh. The Ronald Press. $5.

THE word "frontier" has offered coverage for a variety of meanings: to indicate early Western farms, cattle country, northern timberlands, the edge of open unsettled areas, and of late to focus the idea that all America has been and still is a frontier of Europe. Thus even our larger early settlements along the Atlantic seaboard have been consistently called frontier settlements—fronts or spearheads pushed into wild land. It has been pretty much taken for granted that only gradually, perhaps not until after the Revolution or later, did they assume urban character.

In a richly packed book Mr. Bridenbaugh shows that Boston, Newport, New York, Philadelphia, and Charles Town became cities within a hundred years of their foundation, indeed that before half that time had elapsed they were acquiring the stability, the growing density of population, the dominating position in relation to surrounding territory, the recognition of communal problems, and the will to solve them which belong to urban organization. Questions of sanitation, infectious diseases, fire protection, the care of the poor, highway maintenance and construction, commercial licenses, even town planning, developed with urban complexity from an early date and were continually being viewed afresh, with new solutions attempted as new conditions arose. Mr. Bridenbaugh portrays well those livelier phases of urban life which have often been neglected in colonial studies. If his consideration of what may be called the cultural end-products, in science and the arts particularly, is less detailed than his analysis of social and

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structural elements, he has strongly indicated the full picture. The wealth of his materials, many of them hitherto unexplored or unsynthesized, is immense.

The sum of the evidence is refreshing. Instead of the familiar thesis that life in the colonial towns was constricted, crude, or cruel, with a final odium laid upon the Puritans, a multiple, burgeoning existence is revealed which measures well against that of communities of the period abroad. Brief but far-reaching comparisons are established between the five colonial cities and Bristol and Norwich, which were comparable in size—with the balance weighing down rather heavily on the American side as to all the factors making for civilization, in the rise of the press, education, civic and social enterprises, forms of punishment for crime, in the humanities generally. In a final summary Mr. Bridenbaugh suggests that the five cities constituted a "section," with broad identities in character and interest, and that even what lay behind them was not truly a frontier but a related countryside. The real frontier he defines as an irregular affair stretching farther west by means of scattered trading posts or outposts of settlement.

These distinctions have a considerable importance in determining the full character of the colonial period, and Mr. Bridenbaugh throws out the still further suggestion that its more radical thought came from the cities rather than from the agrarian or frontier sections. This idea is not developed here; perhaps he will test and trace it in a succeeding volume. If fairly proved, it will displace at least in part some of the more sweeping conclusions as to the place of the frontier and its famous individualism as governing forces in American life. In the present book the author is concerned with the concrete and sufficiently difficult task, though it is clear that he has steadily kept the wider implications in view. "Cities in the Wilderness" will prove a mine of reference for historians and sociologists. Historical novelists will sleep with the book under their pillows, and even the lay reader may be induced to plunge into its detail, for it is written with distinction and with a kind of eagerness that makes even its more technical considerations absorbing.

CONSTANCE ROURKE

Our Economic Disorder

ECONOMIC PROBLEMS IN A CHANGING WORLD. By Willard L. Thorp and Others. Farrar and Rinehart. $5.

THIS timely 800-page contribution from eleven of the nation's foremost liberal economists is a symposium which on many matters approaches an encyclopedia of economic problems. The unifying force that binds together the eleven contributors is a spirit of liberalism which manifests itself in the recognition of certain grave maladjustments in our economic order.

The book is divided into seven major sections: problems of consumers, of prices, of labor, of capital, of government, and of conflict. Corwin Edwards discusses the woeful plight of the consumer caught between indigency and misleading advertising, and describes the development of consumer cooperatives and the growth and occasional decline of governmental "consumer" agencies. Theodore Kreps in his stimulating and carefully prepared section on prices emphasizes the importance of price inflexibility, the need of obtaining price balance, and the determination of government-controlled prices versus business-controlled prices. The third section of the book, which is concerned with problems of management, is somewhat platitudinous about "efficient management," "intelligent competition," and "business foresight." The chapters relating to labor problems by the late Edward Berman are a fitting testimony to the loss which the social sciences have sustained in his passing. In 112 pages he has made what is perhaps the best summation to be found anywhere of the history of the labor movement, of the practical problems of unions, and of labor's relations to government. F. Cyril James in his section on capital emphasizes first the difference between capital—"wealth that is devoted to the production of more wealth"—and funds that are utilized to create capital, and, second, the disparity between the amount of investable funds and the need for those funds in the formation of capital. In Section Six A. E. Burns and D. S. Watson are concerned principally with the development of government control over private enterprise and with the problems which are created both in the regulation of competition and in national planning. Finally, R. S. Winslow writes very vividly on problems of conflict between economic groups, the use of propaganda, and the general strategies utilized to achieve victory on the economic battle front.

Within these seven sections are packed a tremendous amount of historical information and a great number of economic analyses. High points in the book are Willard Thorp's skilful editing, Walter Kleim's chart on page 331 showing an inverse relationship between price dispersion and production, Corwin Edwards's delightfully satirical comments on modern advertising, the suggestion of F. Cyril James for the establishment of a government lending organization to finance promising small businesses and new processes, and the shrewd examples given by R. S. Winslow of "the principle of inconsistency," that "in an exchange economy the logic of rational self-interest is inconsistent with the logic of general welfare."

The book suffers from a very grave omission in that no chapters on technology are included. Dr. Berman's "productivity theory of labor" is certain to be attacked by those who hold that labor increases its social income only through its organizational strength. O. W. Blackett's observation that the basic cause of the depression was the too rapid passage of the United States from a debtor to a creditor nation is an excessive generalization; there are other "basic" maladjustments, such as technological displacements, inflexible prices, a maldistribution of income, and an abatement in the expansion of the capital-goods industries caused by the existence of over-capacity and the dearth of new industries. Furthermore, the interrelationship of the various trends, the impact of force upon force, is often not very clear. This, however, is inevitable in a symposium, which, by its very nature, must attack a problem in segmented sections rather than as a functional whole.

"Economic Problems in a Changing World" is "dedicated

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to the proposition that our economic system is behaving rather badly." This proposition is one which has been enunciated for many years by those whom society has chosen to designate "radicals." That a number of the nation's leading liberal economists have recognized the validity of the proposition and have written so ably and extensively about it indicates that there is developing a new approach, a new spirit of analysis, a new utilization of empiricism which is gradually changing and may revolutionize the study of economics. The value of this book in crystallizing this new spirit is exceeded only by its value in clarifying for the intelligent and observant reader many of the economic phenomena which appear to be strangling our present order into a rapidly approaching coma.

JOHN M. BLAIR

The Devil Rediscovered

THE AGE OF THE FISH. By Odon von Horvath. Translated by R. Wills Thomas. The Dial Press. $2.

"NOTHING can convey the idea of the infinite as well as human stupidity." This was the motto of one of Horvath's plays. Indeed, his work before 1933 was a vast collection of instances of human stupidity. But the collector presented his specimens with mirth rather than with wrath. His unbounded appetite for the meanness and stupidity of the human race was hardly malicious. He was a kind and bitter man, whose sense of humor was so keen that he found human folly more funny than despicable. At least till 1933. His last book, "The Age of the Fish," shows a change. The laugh has vanished from his good-natured, full-moon face; there is a new expression on it—horror.

Short chapters and shorter paragraphs reveal the story like flashes of lightning showing eerie bits of a nocturnal landscape. The scene is a small town in Germany, but this Germany lies in the misty mid region of Weir. Characters, well drawn and yet bodiless, scurry about. A young schoolmaster maintains that Negroes too are men. His totalitarian-bred pupils boycott him. The headmaster, a prudent coward, arranges things. The young schoolmaster gets drunk. A former colleague explains: ". . . the earth is moving into the zone of the fish. The souls of men, my friend, will become as rigid as the face of a fish." The class goes to a camp for military training. The teacher meets a strange country priest who quotes Pascal and Anaximander. There is a row between two boys. The teacher becomes involved. A murder is committed. Innocents are on trial. God speaks to the teacher in the shop of a tobacconist. So the teacher tells the truth and loses his job. But finally, with help from various quarters, the culprit is tracked down, and the strange country priest sends the teacher to a missionary school in Africa to teach Negroes.

There are three sides to this excellent book: poetry, detective-thriller, and theodicy. Symbols, beautifully chosen and cunningly distributed, are the clues, and Providence investigates the crime. Now and again there are still traces of Horvath's innocent enjoyment of the incongruous, but they pass by and what remains is Strindberg's groping between guilt and God told with Poe's intangible horror. For, let there be no mistake, this is not, principally, an anti-fascist book, though it is one of the best anti-fascist books ever written. It shows not concentration camps, but schoolrooms in which children are taught to subordinate truth and justice to the state. This, however, is only the setting. The main theme is the rediscovery of evil and in consequence of it the vindication of Divine Providence. In other words: if you have to believe in the devil, you had better believe in God too. That this book has been received simply as an anti-Nazi book indicates how detrimental every slogan—anti-fascism as well as fascism—can be to the activities of the mind. True, the devil, who brings about the teacher's conversion, is a totalitarian one, but there is a hitch. The murder, which should be the apogee of evil, could have been committed in a democratic country as well. (In fact, there was a similar case some years ago in the United States.) But this is one of the little inconsistencies which are the privilege of poetry. It does not affect the main theme: a man who lost his faith in the World War regains it in the Third Reich as he perceives the working of Providence in the chance happenings of a murder and its detection. To Horvath even the smallest incident seems to be designed and part of a vast plan. He was killed last summer on the Champs Elysées by a crashing chestnut tree.

ROBERT VAMBERY

Shop Talk

I WANTED TO BE AN ACTRESS. By Katharine Cornell. Random House. $3.

MISS CORNELL'S autobiography, as told to Ruth Woodbury Sedgwick, is very good talk of a special kind. Readers for whom brilliance, wit, and illumination of subject matter are the prerequisites of conversation will be disappointed in the book. The style is simple and direct. There are no novel or important ideas contributing to a larger understanding of the theater, the drama, or the art of acting. But for people who enjoy shop talk, talk of the expert technician telling spontaneously of his trade or craft, this book is a delight. Miss Cornell, the symbol of "glamor" to millions of Americans, is to herself a hard-working woman, ridden by a gift, a talent, a métier, a passion, call it what you will, so deep and strong that for her it is life itself. Only from the words of the critics in the reviews included in the book could a reader who had never seen Miss Cornell act visualize her rare beauty of movement, figure, and voice.

From her own words Miss Cornell emerges as a woman of unusual honesty, generosity, and courage, with none of the stylized exhibitionism typical of so many of even the greatest actresses. Her own modesty more than anything else, perhaps, has prevented the glamorous actress from becoming a creative force in the American theater. For with few exceptions, including such classics as "Romeo and Juliet," "Candida" and "Saint Joan," Miss Cornell's greatest successes have been melodramas, brought to life largely by her own vitality and talent. Miss Cornell has worked so intelligently, so conscientiously at her own art that one can only wish she had held to the same standard of perfection in her choice of plays. But it is perhaps unfair to

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demand that a woman of such rare and distinguished qualities, an actress of such beauty and grace, should also be an initiator in the theater. MINA CURTISS

Strange Dinner Party

FOREVER WILT THOU LOVE. By Ludwig Lewisohn. The Dial Press. $2.

WITHOUT wishing to prejudice a book which the author evidently intended to be the account of a very moving love story, it must be said that we have here one of the oddest dinner parties in fiction. It is staged in a smart restaurant in an American city, and the more or less friendly diners are six: host and hostess, Mark and Lydia; another married couple; a school teacher; and a young columnist. The host and hostess have arrived at a stage where Mark is extremely dissatisfied with Lydia for one thing and another, as duly appears; the Buists are a painter and his wife who present a front of impeccable devotion; the school teacher, Millicent, is very plain but very warm-hearted; and the columnist, Walter, is Lydia's friend rather than Mark's. At the beginning of the meal Mark observes that they are certainly holding hands; on one occasion Mark kisses Millicent warmly; but mostly, as Mark proceeds in the telling of the great love story of his life, his hearers become lachrymose rather than amorous. Lydia starts in being tearful quite soon, though it is only later on, after much listening and the drinking of well-chosen wines, that the tears roll down her face and "Walter Goss took out an enormous white handkerchief and passed it to her." On two occasions: "Millicent wept." Mrs. Buist contents herself with becoming pink or sniffing, but her husband repeatedly half gets up and then sits down again. "His glasses glittered. But with a hollow jeering laugh at himself he sank back." In the end he too sobs. Walter contributes flippant interruptions: sometimes he uses a falsetto voice, sometimes he screeches, sometimes he giggles. As for the story itself, it is a good enough repeat performance on the love-against-the-world theme. If it has been told many times before, it has not often been recounted in such peculiar circumstances. NORAH HOULT

DRAMA

Stunt

BOTH the dramatization and the production of "My Heart's in the Highlands" (Guild Theater) are perfectly in the spirit of William Saroyan's story. I wish I could let it go at that, but I am afraid that the question, And just what *is* the spirit of William Saroyan's story? is almost as nearly inevitable as it is difficult to answer. Mr. Saroyan, as very few people can have escaped learning, is the young man who has published eight volumes in four years and made himself the most widely sneered at young writer of our day. He is our own "marvelous boy," and there has probably been no one since Byron who has so persistently cultivated the art of admiring in public his own sensibility and brilliance. Others may search for material, wrestle with the problems of form, or ponder possible meanings. Mr. Saroyan has merely to let himself go. For him there is a story in everything, for the simple reason that if no other point emerges it is at least clear that life is strange and wonderful—provided, of course, that you have a temperament like Mr. Saroyan's. And that point he can make with the greatest of ease. One is tempted to echo Dr. Johnson and exclaim, "Any man could write like that if he would abandon himself to it." But the plain truth is that if any man could, a great many more certainly would, and that Mr. Saroyan's farragos of sentiment and slapstick, ingenuity and impudence, are not only *sui generis* but highly entertaining to all those whom they do not exasperate.

"My Heart's in the Highlands" is one of the best and the most typical of his stories. It is concerned with a starveling poet, convinced that people do love poetry but just don't know it, and his casual guest, a venerable old fraud who collects food from the populace in return for short recitals on the bugle, usually preceded by solemn assurances that he plays so well because his heart really is in the highlands. The nucleus of the piece is probably no more than a highly conventional and highly sentimental view of the poet as a "dreamer," and its moral is probably nothing more original than that the world ought to treat its "dreamers" better. But the manner is so extravagant and fantastic, the tune Mr. Saroyan plays so nearly forgotten in variations and cadenzas, that it is hardly worth while to ask what it is. Almost at the end, when the venerable fraud has been taken back to the old men's home from which he had escaped, and the poet and his young son have been compelled to take to the road with their belongings in a handkerchief, the boy passes his judgment on the world. "I'm not mentioning any names," he says, "but there must be something wrong somewhere." That is about as specific as Mr. Saroyan's "message" ever is.

I should have thought that no story would be more difficult to dramatize or to stage, but the Group Theater, which puts on the play, has shown remarkable ingenuity in inventing a style of acting and presentation which seems somehow the equivalent of the author's manner. The most fantastic things are said and done in a perfectly matter-of-fact way, and the setting looks as though it might have been conceived by Mr. Dali in a mood of unwonted cheerfulness. Often I was not sure whether I was being amused with or at Mr. Saroyan *et al.;* but I never doubted that I was being amused. Now that the production—originally offered only for a series of special performances—has been taken over by the Guild, I recommend it highly to all except those who are sure from this brief report that they couldn't possibly like it. If you are not absolutely sure of that, you will enjoy it more than you think probable.

Advice somewhat similar should be given in connection with "Mexicana," the dancing and singing revue presented by a huge company at the Forty-sixth Street Theater under the auspices of the republic of Mexico. Any idea that one would be letting oneself in for a series of quaint folk-dances or anything else "educational" should be discarded immediately, for it is evident that the gentlemen who compose the Mexican Ministry of Education are very broad-minded gentlemen indeed, and that what they have sent us is a collection of the best—and incidentally the best-looking—theat-

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rical dancers and singers the country affords. They have also spared no expense in outfitting what is one of the handsomest spectacles seen here in a long time. The company is as cosmopolitan as the population it represents, and it includes a couple who perform marvelously in the comic-erotic style of the Cuban cabaret performers; but most of the dancing is of an extremely gay and lively sort which occasionally suggests our tap but is probably the result of a free theatrical development from the classical dances of Spain. In any event, it is different enough from anything we are familiar with to be fresh and yet does not seem really strange. Some of it is funny, most of it extraordinarily sly and witty. Many of the performers have faces almost as mobile as their bodies, and it will be a cause of amazement to me if four or five of the best performers are not interned by producers of our own musical revues. Unfortunately I have no equipment with which to analyze dancing, but I have seldom enjoyed a spectacle so much.

Despite all that Madame Nazimova can do, the late Karel Capek's "The Mother" (Lyceum Theater) is a dreary and pedestrian play which certainly adds nothing to the discussion of war and its evils. At the end, the mother, who has protestingly lost her husband and all the other members of a large family in one way or another, finally herself puts a gun in the hand of her surviving son and sends him out to civil war in the streets. Some members of the first-night audience hissed, and Madame Nazimova has explained that the despairing mother is sending him out, not to kill someone, but merely to die. Why he should need a gun for this I do not know, but that is not all. There does not seem to me to be much use in pacifism if you have to die for that too. A real pacifist, so it seems to me, is morally bound not to ask his children to die as heroes but to hide them under the bed.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

FILMS

"JUAREZ" (Warner Brothers) is the latest offering of a new and ambitious Hollywood slowly emerging in opposition to the policy of turning out pictures that are primarily entertainment and avoiding anything that is political or controversial. As producers the Warners are now courageously leading the progressive forces. Their epic of Maximilian's fatal adventure in Mexico and Juarez's successful resistance to foreign invasion is an immense step forward on a road the milestones of which carry the inscriptions "Black Fury," "I'm a Fugitive," "Black Legion," "Zola," "The Story of Louis Pasteur"—films of laudable tendencies but still spoiled by obvious compromises. In "Juarez" a remarkable clearness of purpose is reached. This fact alone puts the picture in a class by itself.

It runs for almost two hours, but one would like it to be twice as long. A complexity of life is attacked: individual fates and social conditions, historical facts and basic ideas, warfare and intrigue across the Atlantic. The scope of the theme is immense, and it is widened still further by the desire to present it with its useful meaning for our time. Many

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extraordinary and in themselves complete scenes are piled up. If the grandiose result, in spite of the advantage of an extended time limit, again and again gives the impression of being fragmentary, the question is whether the chosen technique, that of a slow and epic narrative, is suitable for our theater, which does not allow as yet for exceptional works of three and four hours' length. As it is, the time needed for making a complicated political situation understandable and usable automatically hampers the execution of the equally important task of bringing the characters to life. Major characters who must carry the theme are thus in danger of becoming mere symbols, while minor ones, Porfirio Diaz for example, have the chance to remain, out of proportion, human.

No one of the production departments can justly be held responsible for what has been called the unbalance of this great picture. Its faults are rather the marks of the phase of development reached by the seriously working part of Hollywood. The fake historical pageant with its criminal falsifications has been left behind. Perhaps we shall have to pass through a period in which the desire to preserve the material is dominant before we arrive at the perfect thing—the great vision of historical truth in the tense perspective of pure art. There are scenes in "Juarez" which come very near to the ideal. There are others correct and excellent but without life. The styles are sometimes mixed, or the actors play on different levels, or they do not forget themselves. The stoic Juarez stands out not only by virtue of his personality but also partly because of the unnecessarily stressed stardom of the actor.

These criticisms, to which others could be added, because for once, with this picture, we are happily in a realm where nuances count, only underline the excellence of the whole. The unsentimental, telling script and imaginative dialogue (John Huston and associates), the direction (William Dieterle) with its exactness of feeling for the decisive characterization of a situation, the production (Jack L. Warner, Hal B. Wallis, Harry W. Blanke) of admirably coordinating force, the photography of Tony Gudio give a great opportunity to a cast which is throughout of first rank. Paul Muni, adding Juarez to his portraits of historical personalities, creates an unforgettable character, most convincing in his little wagon, towering in the scene with the ambassadors when he tells them what the Indians think about the Christian European civilization. Bette Davis is a perfect Carlota, touching and intensely human. She becomes with every new part more and more the first actress of Hollywood. The surprise of the cast is Brian Aherne as Maximilian. John Garfield, Claude Rains, Holmes Herbert—I have not the space even to list all the players of high distinction.

Of two outstanding pictures "Wuthering Heights" is artistically the more intense and homogeneous, "Juarez" the more ambitious and important. No one who wants motion pictures which make sense and provide a great experience should miss "Juarez." It is the best Hollywood has yet done with a historical theme.

In "Dark Victory" (Warner Brothers) one forgets easily a forced script—from the unfortunate stage play—of dishonest suspense because of the performance of Bette Davis as the young heiress doomed by an incurable disease. Her portrayal of the symptoms of the malady, of her realization of her fate, and of her tremendous effort to cope with it is not only overpowering in its effect but serves to create an unforgettable character that far transcends the lines and situations of the part. Here really is great creative acting! Besides Miss Davis one remembers favorably only Geraldine Fitzgerald, the promising newcomer. Direction, by Edmund Goulding, and production are excellent.

Notice should be taken of the Cycle of Seventy Films to be given in daily programs as part of the exhibition of Art in Our Time at the Museum of Modern Art in New York (New Building, 11 West Fifty-third Street). The exhibition opens on May 10. The cycle, international in character, will illustrate chronologically the major steps in the history of the motion picture from 1895 till today. With it the Museum of Modern Art Film Library, which has done remarkable work since its foundation in 1935, appears for the first time before the general public, whose patronage this highly useful institution in the widest sense deserves.

FRANZ HOELLERING

MUSIC

HISTORY is a legitimate study, but Mozart did not write his G minor Symphony to provide a lesson in history. He intended it as a work of art to be experienced; and its value is not in what it can teach—not in any facts about it, about its composer, about his period—but in the experience which it affords as a work of art. I say this for the benefit of the people—some of whom hold forth in Music X Tuesday and Thursday at ten—to whom Mozart's G minor is anything and everything but something to experience. These people may consider the other things they are concerned with necessary for the experience; but I contend that the symphony can exert all its power as art on someone who knows nothing about its composer and period; just as someone—in Music X Tuesday and Thursday at ten—can know everything about the work, its composer, its period, without knowing anything of its effect as art.

Moreover, to know the relation of Mozart's style to the style of an eighteenth-century rococo interior is to know only what Mozart had in common with a hundred mediocre contemporaries, not what is uniquely his. A hundred men used the same resources of musical language, style, and form as he, were subjected to the same influences of events and ideas, but did not produce the same music. Even the grace, elegance, and refinement of the period are, in the G minor Symphony, distinctive; even the musical language, style, and forms of the period are converted into a medium of expression that is Mozart's and no one else's; and when we consider what is expressed in the symphony, the feeling that is crystallized in the delicate structure, we are faced with something that is unique not only in his period but in all periods, that cannot be accounted for by anything or anybody around him, that originated in an inner chemistry of his particular qualities of mind, emotion, and spirit.

Of these qualities we get a precise and full communica-

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tion in the music, and I would say only in the music. The letters* bring us as close to Mozart as we can get—if, after hearing the G minor Symphony, we are interested in the source of what we have experienced. And by the evidence of the letters the composer of this work was a person of rich and engaging humanity; by the evidence of some that are now published for the first time, or for the first time in unexpurgated form, this humanity was startlingly complete. But by the evidence of the G minor Symphony there were deep-lying emotional and spiritual resources on which only the artist drew, which achieved formulated expression only in the patterns of sound—resources which, by the evidence of some of the early compositions, were already in existence, miraculously, for the boy to draw on almost as soon as he put pen to paper.

From the Mozart correspondence we get an authentic picture of the man, his career, the conditions under which he functioned as an artist; and in this as in other instances the process of learning truth is at the same time one of discovering error. There is, for example, the common belief that Mozart's music, like that of other great composers in the past, and like the work of every great artist, was not rightly understood and valued by those who heard it in his lifetime. This is the contention of composers of today, who explain in this way the indifference or dislike which their own music encounters; and it is an inference drawn from the fact that Mozart died of privation at thirty-five. The fact is indisputable; the inference is disputed by Mozart himself. In 1782 he reports to his father that "The Abduction from the Seraglio" is "making such a sensation in Vienna that people refuse to hear anything else, so that the theater is always packed"; in 1783 the opera is given in Prague, Mannheim, Frankfurt, Bonn, and Leipzig; in 1785 it is so popular that Schott publishes an unauthorized clavier arrangement in Mainz before Mozart can publish his own in Vienna. In the same year Leopold Mozart reports to his daughter someone's statement that in publishers' announcements he had seen nothing but Mozart's name, and that the Berlin announcement of the six quartets dedicated to Haydn had stated: "It is quite unnecessary to recommend these quartets to the public. Suffice it to say that they are the work of Herr Mozart." From Leopold we learn also of the success of Mozart's subscription concerts in Vienna in 1785; Mozart himself, in 1787, describes his success in Prague, where "nothing is talked about but—'Figaro'; nothing played, blown, sung, whistled but—'Figaro'; no opera attended but—'Figaro' and forever 'Figaro.'" In 1791, a few months before his death, he writes to his wife about the packed theaters and "the usual applause and repetition of numbers" at performances of "The Magic Flute." Never does he have occasion to complain of a disappointing response to one of his works (the hisses of the cabal cannot prevent the shouts of "bravo"); but he does have occasion to complain of a disappointing financial return; and there we have a reason for his death from privation at thirty-five. But that must be left to a further discussion next week.

B. H. HAGGIN

* "The Letters of Mozart and His Family." Chronologically Arranged, Translated, and Edited with an Introduction, Notes, and Indices by Emily Anderson. With Extracts from the Letters of Constanze Mozart to Johann Anton André, Translated and Edited by C. B. Oldman. Three Volumes. The Macmillan Company. $18.

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Letters to the Editors

French Concentration Camp

[*The following paragraphs are from a letter written to a member of his family by an Austrian who served with the International Brigade in Spain and is now interned in a French concentration camp.*]

On Feb 8 we reached the frontier, now only with our arms in our hands. The arms were confiscated and we crossed the frontier without as much as a pack on our backs. Our physical condition was unspeakable. Under the supervision of the Mobile Guards, hungry and completely exhausted as we were, we were forced to march fifty-five kilometers without a pause until we arrived behind barbed wire in a concentration camp.

The camp is on the seashore. At first the men had to sleep without any covering and without any kind of roof to their heads, entirely exposed to the rain and the storms which are at present prevailing. In consequence, added to the old diseases came new ones. Dysentery, the result of perpetual chill, has reached a frightful pitch. As there are no latrines, the beach is covered with the excretions of the hundred thousand people who are living here. The drinking water is impossible; the daily food consists of one loaf of bread and a plate of soup for six people. We are guarded by Senegalese who kick us about and use their rifle butts on us. Refugees who have managed to rescue a trunk or any possessions are robbed of them by the blacks.

The conditions in the so-called hospital are such that the people won't go into it, with the result that the death-rate is rising appallingly. During the last fortnight the Peoples' Front Organization has succeeded by means of a widespread campaign in rectifying some of these frightful evils, but when you think that I, for instance, have not been out of my uniform for two months, nor have I changed my shirt for two months, you can see that conditions are still almost unbearable. We know nothing about our prospects of starting a regulated life again. In spite of everything, the morale of our people, when you consider what they endured in the latter days in Spain and now here in France is really good. This is where one can see the essential difference between a capitalist and a socialist army.

W. M.

Camp de Concentration, St. Cyprien, Perpignan, Groupe Austrichien.

Why "Stop" Fascism?

Dear Sirs: And what do you and the Episcopal bishop do about it? I am referring, of course, to your mistitled article Let's Mind Our Own Business in the April 15 issue of *The Nation.*

Here, quite evidently, is what *you* do about it: You say that "if freedom and democracy are not to perish, fascism must." You say, "There are two available ways of stopping it [fascism] . . . by economic weapons and by arms." You suggest a boycott which "in any case would seem worth trying in our inevitable war against fascism." And again you suggest that the isolationists argue that an economic boycott, if successful, would lead directly into war, and—"Perhaps they are right. . . ."

So you would have us go the whole way; burn our bridges behind us and, if need be, go to war to make the world safe for democracy. That is your solution of the world crisis; and this on the same page with the bishop's account of the mangled Chinese boy.

Did it ever occur to you that the mangling of that boy was the truly horrible thing, and not the question of who made or sold or bought or used the bomb? You would have us manufacture more bombs for the mutilation of little people elsewhere because their system of government is wrong! Is *that* democracy? Believe with us, or die?

Did it ever occur to you that there *could* be an end to fascism irrespective of our benighted beliefs and terrifying nationalist ego? By evolutionary processes and the internal growth from within of realization? By its own weaknesses? Have you thought of the Russian Revolution, the American Revolution, or the Civil War? Those were both evolution and revolution toward the better life. Those were not world wars, with every half-baked European editor clamoring that sides be taken; yet governments were overthrown and wrong systems deposed without the involvement of peoples and continents other than those concerned. And if fascism does *not* collapse of its own weaknesses or those of its dictators, did it ever occur to you that it *might* be right for those peoples who permit it or support it? That it *might* survive in modified and improved form on the same planet with democracy?

S. S. FIELD

New Orleans, La., April 20

Men Know Best

Dear Sirs: Just the same Mrs. Woodward would have written a better piece on shaving cream if she had stopped to ask a man about shaving. Consumer research in general would, for that matter, be better if it asked more about the consumer.

Some years ago, on the advice of the consumer bulletins then going the rounds, I tried this shaving-mug experiment and I tell you it's a mess. Men pay more for shaving cream in tubes not because of the extra speed but for reasons much too simple to get into the ads, which are always highfaluting. The tube isn't always threatening to fall off the shelf and break. More important, the tube can be thrown into a suitcase, which the mug cannot. I changed to the brushless kind of cream on a journey too, because this kind gets rid of the wet brush that was always turning up nestled against your only clean shirt. No doubt I pay too much for the brushless cream, and no doubt there is no magic in it whatever. But let's keep sticking to the main points. The new brushless cream, even though modern, even though advertised, does keep the razor from hurting your face when you shave, so that there is comfort in it—and don't let anybody try to tell you there is any comfort in itchy bath soap, let alone yellow laundry soap—God save the consumer! I speak strictly from experience and out of a sensitive skin.

Comfort and convenience, not speed, are what sell modern man his brushless shaving cream, and hurrah for its inventors but damn their road signs. There are some money-saving men, however, who have found an acceptable second-best. It is the one device that your article failed to mention: the shaving stick. It has the drawback of requiring a brush but is the Scotchman's

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dream. Well do I remember mine—I kept it, the same one, year in, year out, until it finally dawned on me that I was just doomed never to change odors. Then I threw the old stub away.

DOUGLAS HASKELL

New York, April 26

The Industry's Point of View

Dear Sirs: Mr. Haskell's letter is kinder than that of another reader who begins with "Nuts to you! What do you know about shaving?" and who predicts that I shall wind up testifying before the Dies committee—all because I think shaving soap better than shaving cream.

My piece was not based on the preferences or opinions of the men I know. I did not consult my husband or my brother or my nephew or my cousins. The material for the piece I got from the industry itself, and from advertising men closely associated with it. It expressed a business rather than a personal point of view.

A tube is more convenient for traveling, but the amount so used is small. And I should have mentioned the shaving stick. Lewis Gannett also pointed out that omission to me. It is a good soap, and it doesn't really require a brush.

HELEN WOODWARD

New York, April 28

"Crisis"—in 400 Theaters

Dear Sirs: In his admirable article, Hollywood Waves the Flag, in *The Nation* of April 8, Mr. Frank Nugent comments on Warner Brothers' unwillingness to distribute "Crisis," the documentary film about the betrayal of Czechoslovakia. This statement does an injustice which Mr. Nugent would be the first to want to have corrected. "Crisis" has been booked to play in practically every one of Warner Brothers' theaters. To the best of my knowledge, this is the first time that a documentary film not distributed gratis like "The River" has ever been given so thorough a showing by a major circuit. It constitutes a genuine and gallant service on the part of Warners, both to American democracy and to the encouragement of independent film production. Their readiness to show an anti-Nazi picture in over 400 theaters throws into even bolder relief the timidity of the other producer-owned circuits, which to date have not favored this memorable picture with even a single trial booking.

ARTHUR L. MAYER

New York, April 24

Geography and Electricity

Dear Sirs: In *The Nation* of April 15 Mr. Stan Brown, of Washington, gives what seems to me an erroneous picture of New England geographical features. He states that New England has the usual coastal plain. As a matter of fact, the coastal plain, so called, which stretches southward from New Jersey has no counterpart in New England. In Massachusetts Martha's Vineyard, Nantucket, and parts of Cape Cod are generally held to be "coastal plain." For the rest of New England, the rocky plateau reaches salt water.

New England is interwoven with a network of power lines already, and if these could be constructed, it seems reasonable to suppose that others might be too. It is indeed characteristic of the New England upland that many of its villages are in valleys, but these are ordinarily at falls or at dams built at falls. The slopes of the valley bottoms, moreover, are usually so great that many other dams could be constructed; these would protect the villages lower down without flooding any land of likely use except for woods and pasture. The Connecticut Valley is an exception, but here most of the flood plains are unused except for pasture or hay. This valley, as far north as Northfield, Massachusetts, is devoted to specialized crops, such as tobacco, grown on terraces well above the danger of flood. Dams constructed on the Connecticut River throughout its length might flood out hay and pasture, but little damage of this kind was done when dams were constructed at Fifteen Mile Falls, Bellows Falls, and Holyoke. Most of the farms of New England are in the hills, far above flood, but not above the possible reach of cheap electricity.

STANLEY D. DODGE

Ann Arbor, Mich., April 26

What Price Protection?

Dear Sirs: Many times during the past five or seven years, the writer, a Kansas farmer, has wished that *The Nation* would publish a series of articles covering the development of the so-called American protective tariff, stressing particularly its effect, or lack of effect, on the country as a whole, on the farming class, in making the South the country's major economic problem, and as a basic cause of war.

The only reference to the subject the writer has seen recently was that in the editorial Latin American Trade, in the issue of March 4, which in connection with the embargo against the importation of meat from Argentina stated: "The real reason for its continuance, now that Patagonia, the chief ranching province, is free of the plague, is the desire of the meat producers here to preserve their monopoly." Granting that this is true, have not the meat producers the same right to preserve their monopoly that is granted to the iron, cement, aluminum, and other industries by the high import duties on their products? This is no argument for tariffs, protective or otherwise; the writer will gladly exchange his interest in the American meat monopoly for the privilege of exchanging surplus wheat for needed foreign goods, including Japanese light bulbs for the farm lighting plant yet to be acquired.

JOHN NITCHER

Courtland, Kan., April 25

Notes from Paris

Dear Sirs: For the past week the better cafes of Paris have been teeming with anxious business men, small shopkeepers, and others making plans for evacuating their families to some safer place, exchanging gossip about the silent mobilization going on in France, and discussing the unbelievable ungentlemanliness of the Germans, who failed to keep their word given at Munich. Many of these men have come to the conclusion that Germany should be given in to completely. "Let them take their colonies, and their Mitteleuropa. France will go on as a tourist country like Switzerland." Phrases like these are often to be heard.

In the working-class districts, however, is a completely different attitude. There one meets with many signs of impatience and disgust with government policies. The workers saw long ago that the only results of Munich would be an offensive against the working class in France and the continued advance of Nazi Germany through Europe. Many want to fight now before Germany gets too strong. Others are for maintenance of peace at all costs. All are ironical and bitter about Daladier's defense measures, which start in by increasing the legal working week in some industries to sixty hours, and making other inroads on workers' rights.

In Paris military preparations are everywhere in evidence. Yesterday I saw three anti-aircraft guns and a platoon of infantry moving through the streets at dawn; on every side one hears of friends, relatives, acquaintances called to the colors. There are, however,

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no official notices of this mobilization. There has been absolutely no mention of it in the press.

Many well-informed Frenchmen consider that as long as the U. S. S. R., France, and England can maintain a united front against German aggression, there will be no war. But there are serious doubts about how long any agreement between Moscow and the governments of Britain and France can last.

JOHN STEVENS

Paris, France, March 26

Mr. Ezekiel's Plan

Dear Sirs: In your issue of April 8 Eliot Janeway reviewed my new book, "Jobs for All." It may seem cavalier to comment on so friendly a review. There is one point, however, which I should like an opportunity to clear up.

He says, in part, ". . . a concerted effort would be made to raise the national income by, say, 15 per cent; . . . every industry . . . [would raise] its production schedule by 15 per cent. . . ." In thus condensing the plan, he has oversimplified one of its essential details to an extreme degree, and may mislead those who are economically naive, or cause the economically sophisticated to believe that my proposal is itself too simple to deal with the complex realities of industry. In a concerted and balanced program of expanded production, salt and steel, or flour and furnaces, would each have to have widely different rates of expansion. One chapter, How Much Will Each Industry Expand? was devoted to this problem and to showing how the differing degrees of expansion might be arrived at.

MORDECAI EZEKIEL

Washington, April 17

Indignation of a Spaniard

Dear Sirs: In 1810 William Wordsworth wrote a sonnet entitled "Indignation of a High-Minded Spaniard" which may be worth rereading today.

We can endure that He should waste our lands,
Despoil our temples, and by sword and flame
Return us to the dust from which we came;
Such food a Tyrant's appetite demands;
And we can brook the thought that by his hands
Spain may be overpowered, and he possess,
For his delight, a solemn wilderness
Where all the brave lie dead. But when of bands
Which he will break for us he dares to speak,
Of benefits, and of a future day
When our enlightened minds shall bless his sway;
Then, the strained heart of fortitude proves weak;
Our groans, our blushes, our pale cheeks declare
That he has power to inflict what we lack strength to bear.

FRANK NELSON

Wichita, Kan., April 20

CONTRIBUTORS

KENNETH G. CRAWFORD, Washington correspondent of the New York *Post,* is the author of a book on lobbying, "The Pressure Boys," to be published this month.

McALISTER COLEMAN is a New Jersey journalist with long experience in left-wing politics.

WILLI SCHLAMM is the author of "Dictatorship of the Lie," an analysis of the moral basis of Bolshevism.

LIN YUTANG is the author of "The Importance of Living."

LOUISE BOGAN is the poetry critic of the *New Yorker.*

JAMES RORTY has recently brought out a new book, "American Medicine Mobilizes."

CONSTANCE ROURKE is the author of "Charles Sheeler: Artist in the American Tradition."

JOHN M. BLAIR is the author of "Seeds of Destruction. A Study of the Functional Weaknesses of Capitalism."

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PAINTING TRIPS

Every Saturday, Sunday, with instruction outdoor painting, oil, watercolors; beginners, advanced, inexpensive. Arthur Silz, 230 E. 15th St., GR 5-3339.

LISLE HOSIERY

Lisle mesh, and plain stockings made in union mills, sold at wholesale prices. Eastern Hosiery Mills, 303 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C.

WEARING APPAREL

Why pay for snooty labels? For expensive clothes, hats, at moderate prices shop Miss Goodman, 474 7th Ave., LA 4-4013.

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Summer Cottages, 5 rooms; improvements; brook; ideal for children. Catskill Mts. 115 miles from city. $200. Milvy. GR 7-0441.

Westport, Conn. Stonybrook Colony. Easily accessible. Charming old house. Swimming. Tennis. Handball. Children's playgroups. Call TR 7-4679.

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Charming furnished cottages on mountain top, hour city, all conveniences, all sports, trout fishing, bridle paths, adults' activities, children's camp life. Rent reasonable. Simon, PE 6-5360., 232 Madison Ave., N. Y. C.

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